



50¢

sir Knight

VOL. 1 NO. 2

**SPECIAL
EUROPEAN
SECTION!**

*pictures,
articles,
fiction*

ADULTS ONLY!

greetings from sir Knight

With this, his second edition in print, **SIR KNIGHT** really takes off on a grand bit of knight errantry, which carries him, in words and pictures, in fact and fiction, all over Western Europe, from the fabled, castled banks of the Rhine to the racy, smoky, champagne and girly show excitements of the Left Bank cabarets in Gay Paree.

Thus, while going on tour in search of adventure and romance, **SIR KNIGHT** offers a very, very special second issue. However, a gentleman of such varied interest as this can hardly be expected to confine his activities for a whole issue merely to a single hemisphere or continent. He is plenty active on the home front as well, ranging from Hollywood to the East Coast. If you really want to get around, get with **SIR KNIGHT**. He's new, he's exciting, he's risque -- in short, he's quite a boy!

I'm Rita Royce. In Old Blightley, they say I'm too hot for the BBC. Turn to Page 18 and find out for yourself!



sir Knight



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A Bill the Bartender story

Squire of Dames

IN HER HORN-RIMMED harlequin glasses, her grey angora sweater and grey flannel skirt, Toni Sayles looked about as glamorous as a Radcliffe graduate after a long, hard day in the bio-chem lab. Her slanting, full-featured face was all but innocent of makeup; her brown hair looked like a short cut to a rumpus room; her feet, coiled about the legs of a Bar Sinister bar-stool, were muffed in brown moccasin-loafers that needed a shine.

Yet, Toni was attractive in her own quaint way. Behind the harlequin glasses lurked a quick, alert, well-disciplined mind—just as, behind the loose sweater and skirt lurked an alert, well-disciplined body. Bill Wilson, the big bartender, poured her a second double-scotch and said, "Why don't you forget the kid then? There must be a few thousand like him in Hollywood."

"But it's part of my job to promote him," Toni protested. "Mitch has left Paul's development in my

hands during his trip East. It's my first real assignment for the agency, and I don't want to flop it. Besides . . ." she hesitated, ". . . I like the simple-minded coot."

"Now we get down to the real reason," said Bill, mopping the bar in front of Toni, where a few drops of water had spilled. "I thought you and Paul looked pretty chummy when you turned up here Friday night. What's so hard to promote about the kid? He's good looking enough. Can't he act?"

"He's great!" Toni put down her glass and began linking rings of liquid on the bartop. "The trouble with Paul Bentley is he's scared of women."

"He didn't exactly look scared of you," said Bill with a smile.

"I'm about the only one he opens up with," the girl replied somberly. "I guess it's because I'm so homely."

"In a pig's eye," Bill said amiably. Then, "Is he good in bed?"

— turn the page

by LEON MARSH





With Mitch out cold on the floor, Alyce turned on Paul and screamed a tirade of vivid obscenities.

QUIRE, from page 4

"Shut up!" said Toni, turning fiery red.

"So you want to build him up?" Bill ignored the girl's embarrassment. He nodded toward a tall, cadaverous man who had just entered the Bar Sinister. "Why not huddle with Eddy Hammond then? He might have an idea or two."

Hammond, hearing his name, moved up alongside the talent agency girl and said, "You want to huddle with me, Toni-doll? My huddle-buggy's right outside."

Toni tried to hide her continuing blush behind her tumbler, while Bill and Hammond, a syndicated columnist whose Hollywood chatter appeared six times a week in some 250 papers, exchanged a grin. Bill asked, "What'll it be, Eddy?"

"An ulcer special," Hammond replied with a grimace. As Bill busied himself with mixing a non-alcoholic eggnog, the columnist turned to Toni and said, "No fooling, what's on your mind, honey?"

The girl said, "Paul Bentley, the kid Mitch signed for the agency last month. He lacks confidence . . . especially with women. I'm supposed to build him up while Mitch is in New York."

The columnist rubbed his lantern jaw while Bill set the sweet concoction in front of him. "Why is he afraid of them?" he asked.

Mr. Knight



"Very, very nice, Miss Gay . . . but I'm afraid it has been done before!"

"Afraid to use listerine maybe?"

"It's not that," the girl replied. "It's . . . he's terribly young, and I guess he just finished growing. Some girl took him for a terrible ride in his home town, I guess. Anyway, he just doesn't have any confidence."

"He likes Toni okay," said Bill, "but he runs a mile at the sight of an actress."

Toni blushed again, a fact that was not wasted on either bartender or columnist. The door swung open, and fiery, redhead Alyce Woodward, another employee of the Mitch Felton Agency, entered and slithered up to the group. Alyce, an aggressively budding starlet, was the epitome of the movieland sex-goddess — so much so that Mitch Felton had taken her under his personal as well as his professional wing. With Mitch away and no studio assignment due for three weeks, Alyce was at a very loose end.

Hammond surveyed the very evident charms of body that a low-cut, clinging blue-silk dress with a wide, golden belt italicized rather than buried. His eyebrows rose, his lips pucker into a pose for wolf-whistling. He said, "While the cat's away, the kitten playa." Then lifting his egg-nog, "Hiya, gorgeous."

"Hi Eddy," Alyce replied with a half-concealed sigh. She sat down on a stool and said, "Start the

nightly ration, Bill-baby."

Bill smiled and reached for the proper bottle. During his absence, Mitch Felton had insisted that his latest chick be strictly limited to two of her favorite sloe-gin sizzlers per evening. When Alyce overextended herself, she had a recurrent tendency to trip and fall into alien beds. Nor was she the sort of female any man in his right mind and corpuscles would send flying from the sheets with a swift kick.

Putting down his egg-nog and wiping away a milky mustache, Eddy Hammond said, "Listen, Toni, why not keep it all in the family? Let Alyce give you an assist while the boss is away."

"I think I follow you," said Toni, her eyes narrowing behind the harlequin glasses, "and I don't think I like where you're heading. One look at Alyce, and Paul would take to the tall timber."

"What's cooking?" Alyce asked with mild interest.

"Toni's got a girl-shy client," said Hammond. "I was just wondering if you couldn't loosen up a few of his inhibitions."

"I'd be glad to try," said Alyce, beaming her willingness to cooperate. "Where is he? In fact, who is he?"

"Paul Bentley," said Toni curtly. "I don't think you've met him yet."

"Relax, doll," said Hammond to Toni. "Be practical. Your boy goes out with Alyce, and I can run a bit on it and get the old ball rolling. You'll be doing Mitch a favor."

Toni looked at Hammond, then at Alyce, then at Bill. "What do you think?" she asked the bartender doubtfully.

"If I could think," Bill replied, "I wouldn't be on this side of the bar."

"What's he look like?" Alyce asked, a sparkle of interest stirring in her snake-green eyes.

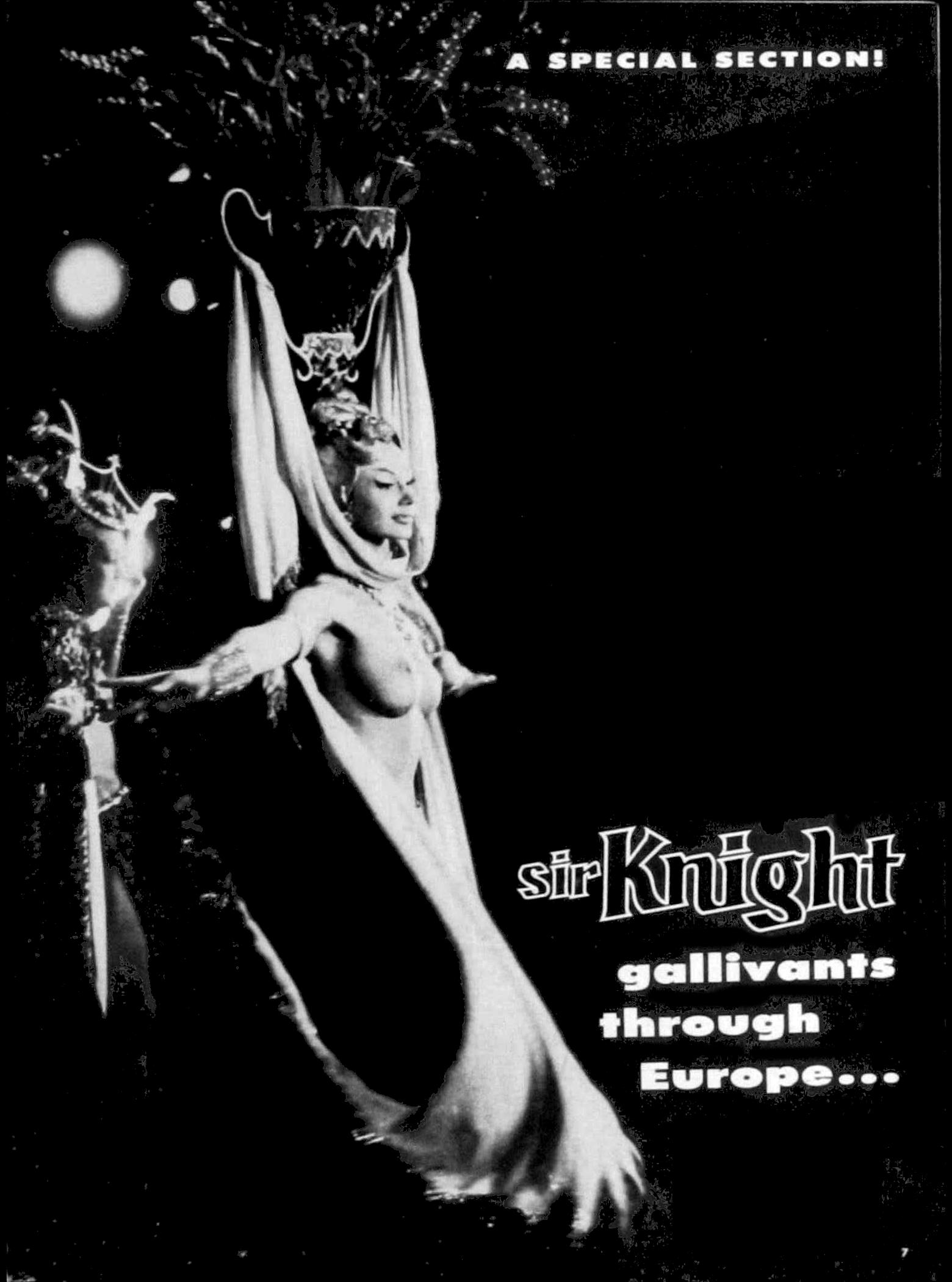
"Like a man," Toni told her. She sat silent, obviously wrestling with the decision. Then, gripping her handbag tightly, she slid from her stool. "I'll have him come over," she said. And, pausing before the redhead, "Remember, he really is scared of actresses . . . remember, too, he's wearing my label."

"Yeah, Alyce," glibed the columnist, "and remember you're wearing Mitch's dogtag."

"My goodness!" exclaimed Alyce as Toni moved toward the phone booths by the entrance. "You folks sure believe in giving a girl a free hand!"

A SPECIAL SECTION!

sir Knight
gallivants
through
Europe...



Top-stripper Ginette Wallant puts her fabulous torso on display (right, below) at Club Paradise

Janine Veronese has her goddess-like body draped in satin by wardrobe-woman backstage.



Gorgeous Elaine Vigne reveals plenty as she selects costume in her dressing room backstage.

Janine again, this time fastening an essential bit of fluff for Andree Thellier.

THE FAMOUS old town on the banks of the Seine has, traditionally, won wide repute as the naughtiest of all the world's major capitals. The nightly carnival of sex and sin has gone on, through wars, famines, depressions and boom-times, ever since those long-ago days when Julius Caesar's soldiers used to do their best to get liberty or leave in the little city on the island.

But not even Paris, the most sophisticated of communities, has ever before known such nudity and lewdity as is on display nightly in the BOITES, BISTROS and CABARETS that dot the Left Bank. There is more beauty on naked display for the well-heeled tourist than even in the days of Louis XV, when that merry monarch kept his mistresses in a house in the BOIS called the "Deer Park". What is even more important to those who go out at night on the town now and then for traditional male reasons, the girls are better looking, both in quality and quantity than ever before. Anyone who finds them otherwise, after perusing the smoking-hot pictures on these pages had better run, not walk, to his ophthalmologist! For, brother, he's blind as a bat in a beer barrel.

Knight's kaleidoscope of a paris night



Beautiful, blonde Danielle Jenner emerged backstage in a costume that leaves delectably little to the imagination.



Danell once more, looking yummier than ever as she does her nails. And how about that rear view at left above?

From soup to nuts, with the menu covering
a terrific torso. Who cares about
food with a dish like this?



A pair of Mayol Theatre cuties put
their cute pants on a very,
very lucky toy panda



Three little French girls in
varying degrees of undress — get
that costume on the one on the left!

The name of the girl with the fallen eyepatch is Vicky.
The comic is Charles Clement, if anyone cares.



A symbolic scene from the famed Casino de Paris revue, with a bevy of bare belles doing their stuff

of less enlightened capitals, nudity not permitted or as in New York severely restricted as in London, nudes may be seen only as long as do not move as in a torso museum. However, the Englishman, being both logical and tactful, almost entirely so-called Anglo-Saxon inhibitions sees no point in bringing on the bevy of nude beauties, inhibiting them in any way. However, when paying audience in any of the known cabarets around the Place Pigalle or the other high flight tourist spots shown here, the small portion compared to the sophisticated going on backstage. Here the wings and dressing rooms, are the beautiful girls who have it easy, put it on display. And do they MADAME? Is it? The answer is overwhelming, with affirmatively! Each double has its own beauty, its own and tender and gentle beauty, to which to select own personal. Personally, Sir KNIGHT is staking no odds against any of them. They are already, in much, much too stacked to have against any of them. But don't let me stop you.





Danielle Jenner once more, this time with the most full-bodied come-hither look ever snapped



Here is a lush, luminous lovely wearing chains for a slave number in Le Pigalle. Why that wristwatch?



The two brunettes with the near-twin torsos and the hatbox are Elaine once more, and Anik Truffant.



Martine of the Montmartre is exceedingly proud over this technique for economizing on costumes. What costumes?



This unidentified, proud and buxom beauty, primped backstage between shows — to our mutual great delight!



It was with excruciating horror that he learned the true nature of the Rhineland maiden with whom he had bedded

TARGET AREA

by BART SIMONS

CHARLEY HOLMES and his luscious wife, Fran, stood close together on the balcony of their Tellerhaus suite, overlooking the fairytale, fir-clad hills, through which, far below, the River Rhine wound its way, a ribbon of silver in the moonlight.

"Bewitching!" whispered Fran, turning reluctantly from the beauty of the night landscape toward the reassuring, yet exciting human attractions of her screen-actor-husband. Thanks to his being sent to West Germany to play a starring role in a film, while she fulfilled night-club engagements as a singer, back home, they had been separated for five months, and Fran was hungry for her man.

"Darling!" he replied softly, turning to face her and drawing her 35-24-34 perfection into his arms. His lips sought and caught hers, and she responded eagerly, and her arms slid up his smooth, hard, muscular back under his sports-shirt. Fran herself was clad in the flimsiest, most enticing of shirt-waists, and Charley's strong, tender fingers slipped beneath it to rouse her, deftly, expertly, to an unbearable peak of remembered desire.

Wrenching her lips from his, Fran gasped, half moaning with urgency. "Charley, let's do it right here . . . under the moonlight. No one can see us."

His agreement came not in words but in amorous action as his lips again claimed hers, and he drew her gently down beside him on the balcony. "My skirt!" she managed to gasp. "Wait till I unfasten it, darling . . . please wait!"

But Charley was of no mind to brook delay at that moment, nor was Fran in the mood to resist him for sake of a mere garment. They were at the portals of a rapture

she had not tasted in far too long, and she let him prepare to have his way with her, uttering soft little cries of anticipation.

It was at the moment, as if from out of nowhere, that the branch fell on them. There had been no wind, no preliminary creak or snap of tortured wood from the tall fir that stood, black against the moonlit sky, its branches tipped with silver. But the bough, four feet of wood and bark and fragrant needles, came slithering out of the night to envelope them and send desire winging.

"For God's sake!" cried Charley, sitting up and spitting pine needles from his mouth. "Whatinell was that?"

"The sky fell in!" said Fran, smiling in spite of herself as she plucked a pine cone from a tender portion of her anatomy.

"Come on, darling." Charley pushed the intruding bough away, pulled Fran to her feet. "Let's go inside before we get bombed by a meteor."

Obediently following her spouse, Fran giggled as they slipped through the French window into the ornate bedroom of the ex-castle-turned-tourist-hotel. "What's so Goddam funny?" Charley asked.

"I was just thinking how it would look on film," she replied, her green eyes dancing. Then, before he could grow angry over her levity at such a moment, "Sugar, let's not let it spoil our reunion. Come here." She held out her arms enticingly as her skirt, discreetly unfastened, fell to the carpet around her ankles, revealing a pair of long, perfectly curved legs.

They completed undressing with almost feverish urgency, embraced tightly and rolled onto the huge walnut bed, soft and solid as some gigantic marshmallow. "My love."

Charley murmured. "My one, true, marvelous love!"

That was when an irregularly circular patch of plaster, perhaps a foot in diameter, fell out of the ceiling and spanked him smartly on the spot nature intended as a spank-target. Charley leapt out of bed with a loud cry of frustration and stood furious on the carpet as he dusted bits of plaster from his posterior. His language lay far beyond the margins of printability, and, since he was something of a linguist, was uttered in four tongues.

"Charley!" cried an aghast Fran, running to him and taking him in her arms. "We mustn't let it spoil anything."

"It's not that," cried Charley, glowering. "Two hundred marks a day for this place . . . and it commits assault and battery on us."

"There's a lovely, wide couch in the living room," said Fran, her voice low and enticing. She thrust out her lower lip provocatively. "Come on, sweet . . . let's try it in there."

He melted, and they moved silently together from the damaged bedroom, their arms twined around each other's nude waists. "I'm sorry, darling," he whispered in her coral-shell ear. "But a man can take just so much of this sort of thing."

"It's all right now," she replied, thrusting her body against his, then pulling him down beside her.

"My very own darling!" murmured Charley, taking her into his arms and feeling himself catch fire at the vibrancy of her response.

Yet, being twice stung, he was wary. Before surrendering himself to the passionate combat, he glanced around the dimly lit room — and was in time to see a large volume detach itself from the ceiling-high bookcase behind the sofa and come winging directly at them like a guided missile. With a shout of warning, he flung himself off the sofa onto the carpet — but the book changed direction in mid-air, coming directly for his head. Burying his face in the carpet, Charley huddled ignominiously, awaiting the impact — but, once again, it came at his other end.

He rose slowly, rubbing his smarting behind, his lips tightly compressed, beyond profanity. Fran was regarding him, wide-eyed and incredulous, from the sofa. "I saw it go for you," she said. "Honey, have we gone crazy?"

Charley picked up the book from the floor, hefted it, tested it, ex-



amined it inside and out. It seemed a perfectly harmless if boring-looking copy of Monsen's *History of Ancient Rome, Volume IV*.

He tiptoed back to the bookshelf and looked into the pulled-tooth gap where it had rested, even sticking an arm in in search of hidden springs. Baffled, he turned back toward Fran, who was peering at him over the back of the sofa, misery in her expression.

"Nothing," he said eloquently. "Get something on, honey. I'm going to call Herr Schmidt."

"Oh, Charley!" she said, rising and seeking hungrily to intercept him. "This is unbearable."

"And unbelievable," he replied, keeping his distance.

"You don't love me," she cried reproachfully. "Charley, come here!"

"I love you all right," he said gloomily. "I just don't want to be killed."

Minutes later, robed, they received an obviously perplexed Herr Schmidt, manager of the Tellerhaus. He believed them about the bough on the balcony, and the bedroom plaster, because the evidence was incontrovertible.

"Accidents," he said, his eyebrows high on his forehead in distress. "Unforgivable, unfortunate accidents, gnadige Frau und Herr. It is understandable that they should have unsettled you. But the book . . . it is in its proper place, *nein?*"

"Ja," said Charley angrily, "but because I put it back."

"I shall have the debris removed at once," said the landlord, bowing. "Then you shall have the privacy you wish."

Charley glared at him for a long, fruitless moment. Then, turning to Fran, he said grimly, "Come here."

She came, and Charley began to make extravagant love to his wife. Herr Schmidt covered his purpling face with a hand and begged, "Bitte, Herr Holmes, nicht hier! This is not Hollywood."

"Darling!" muttered Fran. "Have you gone out of your mind?"

Charley didn't answer, but made love to her all the more ardently. In spite of his modesty, Herr Schmidt removed his sheltering hand and opened his eyes wide. Thus he saw the lamp take off from the mother-of-pearl-inlaid table and fly through the air at Charley's head. Leaping clear of his wife, the actor caught it, wrestled the missile which seemed, briefly, to have a mind of its own and whipped its cord about like a dying snake.

When it had subsided, he glared his triumph at Herr Schmidt and said, "Now, will you believe, *dumkopf?*"

"I believe," said Herr Schmidt sorrowfully, "because I must. Bitte, gnadige Frau und Herr, you will *nicht* talk about it, until we have the source discovered? There will, of course, be no charges for your accommodations," he added.

"You call this accommodation?" Charley asked rhetorically, gathering himself in his Japanese silk robe like an outraged Roman senator in his purple-hemmed toga. "We are leaving at once."

Again, Herr Schmidt was regretful—but the only road to and from the Tellerhaus was closed between two and eight in the morning. Something about repairs to a bridge halfway down the mountain. So the Holmes had to spend their long looked-forward-to reunion night in miserable frustration, with Charley afraid to touch Fran lest he find himself violently dead in her arms.

"But what do you suppose causes it?" she asked, perhaps for the hundredth time from the sofa, as the fairyland peaks through the French windows were tipped with the first, faint, rosy magic of dawn.

"God knows!" he said gloomily. "Try to get some sleep, darling. We've got a long drive ahead of us, if we're going to make Paris tonight."

She yawned and stretched, looking disheveled and more beautiful than ever, a green-eyed, pale-red haired woman with a smooth, rich, cream complexion and the features of a Gaelic goddess, an earthy, very sexy Gaelic goddess. She lay back and closed her eyes, and Charley, after pacing the carpet a few more minutes, went downstairs to check on his blue Alfa Romeo and the packing of their luggage in its limited luggage space.

The garage under the hilltop hotel was empty and oddly gloomy—for the attendants had not yet risen. Charley got the job done to his satisfaction, rose with a grunt and turned—to see Lotte regarding him with rueful amusement, leaning against a Mercedes Benz and smoking a long cigaret.

"Have a pleasant night?" she asked.

"Thank you, no!" he replied. Then, comprehending her presence. "Lotte! What the devil are you doing here?"

She hesitated, and her half-smile widened before vanishing entirely. She was typically German, her eyes wide-set and blue, her lips and

chin charmingly full and falling just this side short of heavenward. Her figure, in a smart little blue dress, was fuller than Fran's, but cut along lines men have been describing with their hands since the dawn of time. Her flaxen hair fell in slow, heavy waves to her shoulders.

She said, "Why am I here, darling? Let us say I am here to safeguard my interests . . . and you are very much my interest, Charley."

He looked at her in exasperation, his lips thinning. They had been through this many times before, during the last few days of shooting in Frankfort, when Lotte had been his leading lady, not only in the film just shot but, temporarily, in real life. That she should have followed him under any circumstances was unpardonable—that she should turn up after a night of frustration such as the one he had just passed was unbearable.

He said, with what patience he could muster, "Lotte, it was swell . . . more than swell. It was even wonderful. So why try to spoil everything? I belong with Fran, and you know it."

"I know nothing," she replied dreamily. "At least, I know very little. So, next time you are naughty, perhaps I spank you with Volume three . . . if Monsen is available. If not, I find something else."

"Oh, no!" cried Charley. "You wouldn't . . . you couldn't!" Then, as understanding of the ununderstandable swept over him, "Could you?"

"Who knows?" she countered, dropping her cigaret on the cement floor and crushing its embers methodically beneath a medium-height heel. "When there is enough feeling . . ." She left the rest unsaid. Then, with a darting, mischievous, little-girl smile, "You didn't know I was *poltergeist*, did you?"

"Right now," he replied. "I know nothing. All I want is to be left alone, to live my life."

"And what about my life?" she countered.

"We've been all through that," he cried. "I've explained it a hundred times."

"But not," she said enigmatically, "to my satisfaction."

"What do you want, Lotte?" he asked, desperately.

"You," she replied softly, moving toward him. Then, more softly, "After what you have just been through, you need me. Get in the car, and I will show you."

"You must be mad," he told her,

moving away from her slightly as she came closer.

"Am I?" She paused thoughtfully, biting her lower lip. Then she said, "Get into the car, Charley, or something dreadful will happen to your precious Fran."

Charley opened his mouth to tell her to go to hell — but something about the look in her green eyes kept him from uttering the curse. Instead, he said, "What sort of witch are you, anyway?"

She laughed softly, knowing she had won, shepherded him into the blue Porsche and began doing things to his clothing, then to her own, arranging their bodies as if what she was doing were merely the prelude to some ritual dance. She whispered, "I am a very ancient sort of witch — or, rather, the blood of ancient witches flows in my veins and, with it, some of their forgotten powers."

Her full lips flowed over his and became part of them. All at once, engulfed in her perfumed allure, Charley forgot about Fran, about where they were, about everything but the here and now. In spite of himself, he responded, as he had in Frankfort, to Lotte's sensual charms, and began to find in her the rapturous fulfillment her *poltergeist* pranks had prevented his finding in Fran.

"Get more back into it, darling," said a dry, mocking, familiar voice, snapping him sharply out of nirvana, as if by the crack of a whip.

Fran was standing alongside the Porsche, her lips curved mockingly, watching them. She said acidly, "I hope you really are ready for a fast getaway, darling . . . because you're going to need it."

"Fran!" he bleated, pushing Lotte from him, assembling his disarrayed clothing, stumbling from the car. "Fran, darling, you don't understand. Lotte made me . . ."

"Don't overstate the obvious," was the cutting reply. "But you seemed to be doing a little making yourself. Well, I know when I'm not wanted. You don't have to hit me over the head with a hammer to get me to take a hint."

Loftily, Fran turned on a well-tailored alligator-skin heel and moved toward the garage exit, Charley stumbling after her. "But, Fran," he bleated. "Wait . . . where are you going?"

"Where am I going?" she asked with dangerous softness, pausing for effect. "I'm going upstairs to get on the Transatlantic telephone and set up the damnedest divorce suit you or Tommy Manville ever heard of."

I'm going to split your property right down the middle and put a lien on every hunk of cash you've got. I'm going to hogtie you and louse you up so thoroughly you'll wish you'd never heard of this crummy little *fraulein*."

She paused, and then something came whirring across the garage from the far wall, something that turned lazily end-over-end and it arched through the half-light. Seeing that it was headed for his wife, Charley lunged desperately to intercept it, but not quite in time. It caught her just below the right eye, then clattered to the cement flooring, a spent jack-handle.

"Yeeeow! That hurt!" cried Fran, staggering back against the Mercedes-Benz. "Who threw it?"

"That's what I'm trying to tell you," moaned Charley, whipping out his handkerchief and seeking to give first aid to what was obviously going to be a beautiful shiner. "Lotte's a *poltergeist*. She told me she'd do something dreadful to you if I didn't . . . if I didn't . . ."

Fran regarded her husband balefully with her remaining eye-in-commission. "There was no reason, of course . . . no motive, no justification," she said with a fine edge of raw sarcasm. "You didn't by any chance turn your hunk-of-manly charms on little Lotte while you were making with the love scenes that wind up on the cutting-room floor, marked 'too hot to handle'. I don't know why I'm saying this. Of course, you didn't. But I've had enough."

She turned again, but Charley, horrified, tried to stop her, saying,

"Darling, I couldn't help it . . . Lotte's a witch. You're not going to condemn me to . . ." His voice faded as the jack-handle rose of its own volition from the concrete and hit him neatly on the left temple, sending him down for a long count . . .

WHEN CHARLEY FULLY recovered his senses, he discovered himself sitting beside Lotte in the front seat of the Mercedes-Benz. His head ached abominably, nor was his well-being increased by an all-gone, everything-is-wrong, end-of-the-world feeling. Lotte took her eyes off the straight, double lane, concrete autobahn long enough to mutter soothingly in German, "Lie still, my darling. I didn't wish to hurt you, but I could not bear the thought of losing you to her."

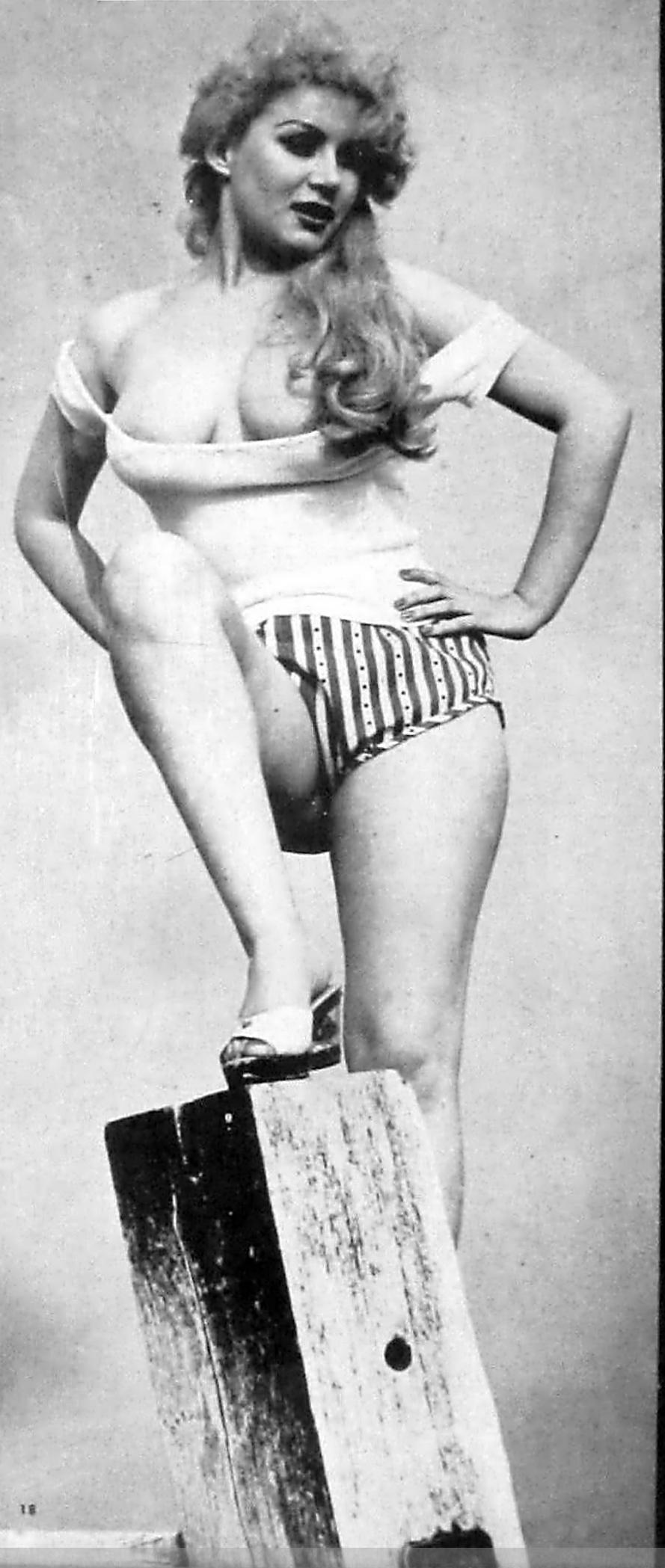
Noting the hungry gleam in those green eyes, Charley lowered his lids and pretended a relapse into consciousness. He tried, through whirling thoughts and feelings, to attain some understanding of what had happened to him, was still happening to him . . .

He had met Lotte some two months before, at a party in Frankfort given by the producer on the eve of shooting. She had been charming, he had been lonely, they had been cast as lovers in the movie. What could have been more natural? The idyll had been a charming one, spiced with just enough of the illicit to make it exciting. Not once, while they were together, had it occurred to Charley that their amour might have struck deeper

— turn to page 26

• Knight





by CYRIL FARQUHAR

TOO SEXY

ALTHOUGH MOST young beauties with modeling and acting ambitions are forced to fight the calory count to keep their figures from filling a wide screen, England's blonde, buxom Rita Royce has a real rough problem to avoid filling her fascinating face with too many of the gourmand's goodies that cause girdles and bras to pop like breakfast cereals shot from guns. Most of the men in her family are involved in fine foods, one way or another, her father being head waiter at London's famed Dorchester hotel, with her kid brother training in the kitchen, and one of her uncles being chief chef at the Hotel Westbury in Bond Street.

"At least," says Rita dryly, "unlike most other young actresses, I never have to worry where my next meal is coming from. My chief problem is to keep them spread far enough apart.

Rita recently hit the Fleet Street headlines in a splash of welcome free publicity as "the girl the British Broadcasting Company banned because she was too sexy", and, judging by the three-dimensional curves on display on these pages, that august television network, with its Edward-



FOR THE BBC

The television men said there was just too much
of Rita Royce for British home screens

ian standards, may very well have been right. However, fortunately for Rita, England also has commercial TV, so her recent activities are not confined to sleeping and eating her uncle's leftovers. She is the uncrowned queen of Britain's commercials on the family screen.

"There's something rather odd about it, though," she admits thoughtfully. "In all these advertising pitches, I'm either sitting in a bubble-bath or in bed, usually eating chocolates. It's almost as if everybody wanted to keep me warm and cozy." Then, with a slightly puzzled expression, "I must have that sort of look. They treat me as if I were a tropical plant or something."

Rita was born in Brighton, the British seaside resort, some twenty years ago. As a moppet, she was evacuated from London to avoid the Nazi airblitz and was given shelter by another uncle, a non-foodmaking one, in a small Lincolnshire village, where he served as vicar of the local church.

Says Rita of this unlikely relation, "I seldom have time to visit him nowadays, what with my career and all. You know, silence is golden, and I want to spare his blushes, so I haven't told him about all the cheesecake I pose for — and he doesn't

have television. Last Christmas, however, I did send him a very saucy calendar. Auntie wouldn't let him hang it in his study — she said it would never do there — but he keeps it in his desk drawer and refuses to part with it. He's very sweet."

At war's end, Rita returned to London and carried on with her school-work for four or five years, retiring in a state of some confusion at the age of thirteen. "I simply wasn't interested," she admits with a pert wrinkling of her pert nose. "The family said I'd have to do something, though, so I decided to be a beautician."

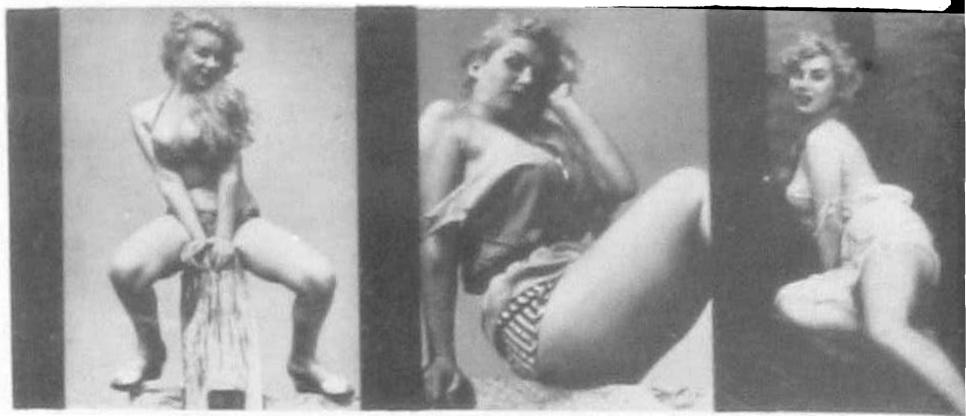
She studied hairdressing for a while with famous Berkeley Square salon owner Alan Spiers, only to discover, in her own words, "that it didn't prove very interesting, either. However, I did enjoy the manicuring side, and there was some talk of my becoming an apprentice manicurist. But nothing came of that, either."

Unbloody and unbowed, her father stepped into the picture with the idea that unambitious Rita might find ladies' hats both interesting and financially rewarding as a profession. He arranged a partnership for his daughter with Hungarian-born Lady Denise Newborough, who had

a millinery business. But, says Rita, "I found this even more boring than school, so I quit after nine months. Daddy was horribly upset, but Mummy wouldn't let him send me back. She said I wasn't happy there, and that happiness is everything. So I went to manicuring school."

This time, marking a famous first in her life, Rita actually completed the course and was hired to buff nails and push back cuticle at Topper's, perhaps the most famous theatrical barber shop in the West End. Marvels blonde Rita, "It's a most amazing fact, but more men than women in London go in for manicures. At Topper's, of course, they were very nice men, men like Norman Wisdom, the comedian, Edmundo Ross, Ray Martin and a host of others."

It was Enmann Andrews, a widely known B.B.C. commentator, who first suggested the beauteous manicurist test her obvious charms on show business. Andrews was merely the first of a parade of theatrical characters to offer such advice. "Some of them did it spoofingly," she says, "but some were dead serious. In the end, I decided to try my luck, because, after all the things they told me, I'd never have been happy if I hadn't given it a fling. I'd



This tasty bit of tiffin says, "I want to be stroked and cuddled!"

have gone through life, thinking, 'Oh, if only I'd tried when they told me to!' Besides I was just about grown up. If I'd let it go much longer, I'd have been over the hill."

Over the hill at twenty! Yipe!

Rita turned in her emory sticks and began attending dramatic classes at the Du Barry Academy in Baker Street. There she learned to balance a book on her head while walking, pronounce "How now, brown cow," and all the other incidentals to theatrical kindergarten.

Before she had a chance to grow bored with her new career, a classmate and pal, Pamela Crisp, spotted a story in an evening gazette about a talent search by B.B.C. for curvaceous cuties to appear in a series entitled "Pleasure Boat" with a trio of London hamsters named Kenneth Horne, Michael Halliday and George Martin. After sufficient prodding out of her usual semi-gelid state, Rita agreed to give it a spin. "After all, ducks, what's to lose?"

Walking onstage for the tryout, she found the entire theater packed with Old Albion's pulchritude and developed a severe case of the get-me-out-of-here meemies. However, Douglas Burns, a London *Daily Sketch* photographer who was on hand for possible cheesecakeries, told her to stick around. Wonder of wonders, Rita copped the duke, only to be given the old heave-ho shortly afterward on that "too-sexy" bit.

Were Rita's delicate sensibilities

rasped by such treatment? Not at all. In fact, she says, "I didn't mind a bit. Their stuffy attitude gave me an enormous amount of publicity."

It also won her a principal part in a British film called "Her Life in Monte Carlo", one of those lesser Rankisms as yet not unleashed on the American public. And this, in turn, led to all those bed-and-bubble-bath television commercials, with their nice fat residual checks. So Rita was on her way.

Her hobbies include the collection of perfumes — she currently has more than 200 bottles of same — and swimming. She is also exceedingly fond of ballroom dancing, and likes to cut out to such Latin rhythms as the cha-cha and calypso. However, her chief hobby remains "relaxing somewhere really quiet and warm." As far as Rita is concerned, they can keep her in those beds and bubble baths forever. "What a way to make money!" she sighs.

She is exceedingly loquacious on the subject of men, whom she regards a trifle warily, as threats to her warm relaxation, but with amiable resignation. She claims to care little whether a man is good looking or not. "After all, it's his personality that counts. It doesn't matter whether he's bald or ninety. It depends upon the man. To fit my ideal, he should be rather beefy (fat men everywhere, exult!), but, when I marry, it will probably be just the opposite. He must be intelligent,

however. I love intelligent men — they make it easy for the woman to be dumb, and it's so much nicer that way. Besides, it's our prerogative."

Rita wrinkles her nose again when British males are mentioned. She believes they take much too much for granted, preferring American and Continental men, adding, "I don't want to be treated like an equal, which is how an Englishman treats a girl. I want to be stroked and cuddled (students!). Besides, I bruise easily."

As for wolves, who have been baying on her trail in herds and flocks since she burgeoned into the public eye, she does her best to pretend they aren't there — or so she says. "But what can you do. It doesn't matter, anyway. I have plenty of admirers to protect me."

On the subject of marrying wealth, Rita is doubtful, fearing the obligations great wealth imposes on its owners. "Still," she admits, "a million or so would be rather nice" (that's pounds, dad, not dollars). As for marriage, she asks, "How do I know that it's the greatest thing in life? I haven't been married yet."

Despite her recent flurry of success, Rita is still studying at school, seeking to widen her somewhat thin dramatic assets. "Thousands of girls are seeking parts in films," she says, "but ninety per cent of them can't do anything. And producers want girls who can do things."

Amen to that, Rita!





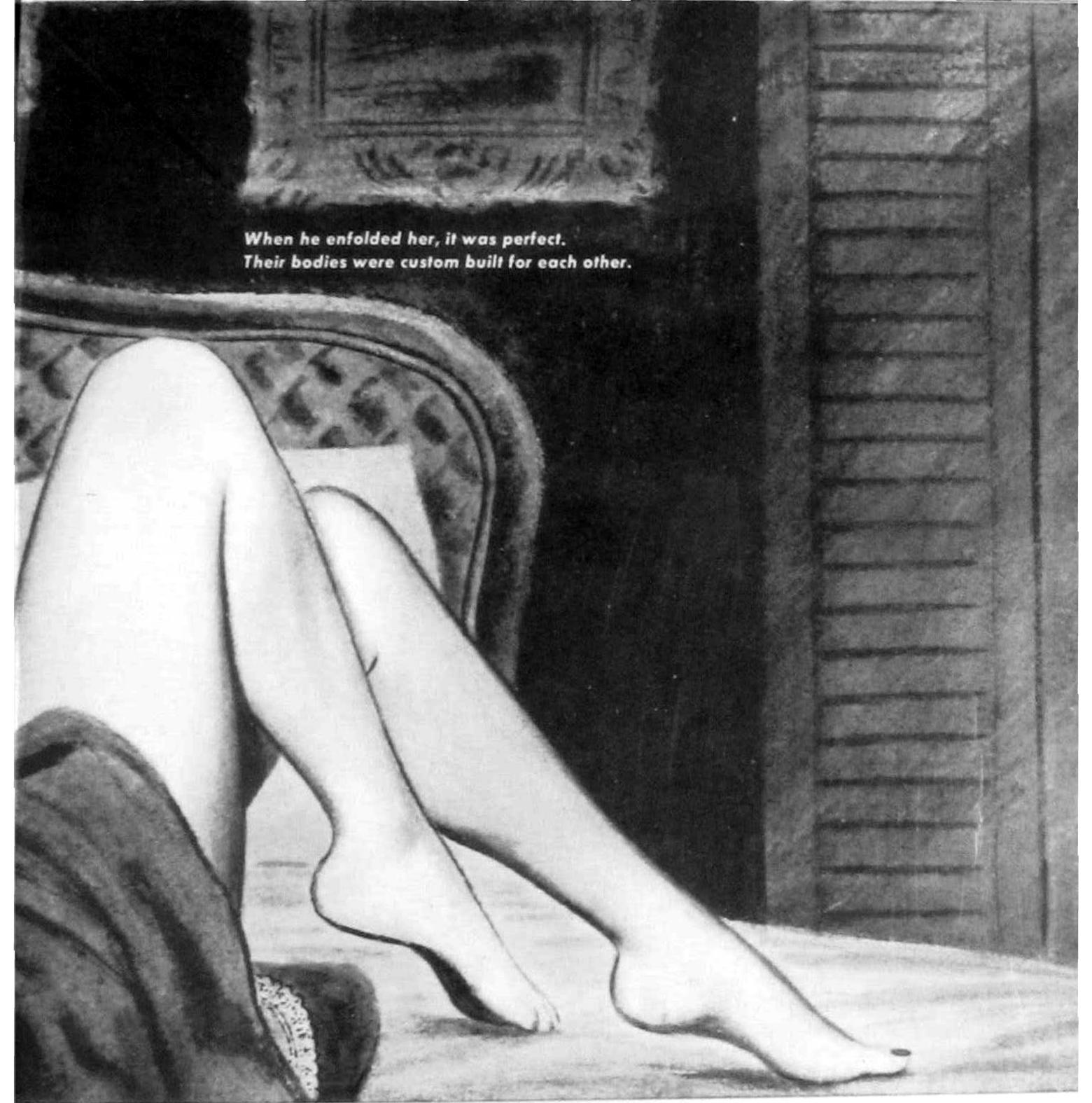
Spotting for the customs people was a good racket
until he met a gal hotter than the ice he was holding

Diamond on Fire

by LANCE CRUTHERS

RUNNING INTO Fred Benson in Copenhagen could hardly be listed as a surprise. After all, his summer tour of the continent had been publicized from Hollywood's Sunset Boulevard to Istanbul's Golden Horn, as stridently and almost as reverently as an Empire tour by Queen Elizabeth of England. I had already run into him, more or less casually, in Paris and Deauville, and we were on casual speaking terms.

But Fred's buying me a drink, there at the Adlon bar at two in the



*When he enfolded her, it was perfect.
Their bodies were custom built for each other.*

morning, was on a par with the famous little-boy statue in Brussels suddenly spouting champagne. Even more astonishing was his laying good Danish crown bills down on the mahogany to pay for the treat. The stage, screen and television personality Fred had built up carefully and with colossal success over a quarter of a century was that of a lovable tightwad — the sort of character who will send half-eaten restaurant dishes back to the kitchen because of phantom roaches, and who will get his girl-friend to do his laundry to save a small laundromat fee.

What the public doesn't know is that the real-life Fred Benson is about three times as mean a chiseler as his professional personality. In Paris, just a few weeks before our Adlon meeting, I saw him raise hell over a fifty-franc (15c) overcharge on a restaurant check! And with an income that runs way, way, up into six figures per annum. So, when he bought me a cherry heering and paid for it in cash, I knew something was coming.

"Don," he said in his best whee-

dling tone, pushing his toupee back on his forehead a quarter of an inch. "Don, old fellow, I wonder if you would do me a small favor."

"Name it," I said, somehow keeping a straight face. "Name it, and we'll dicker."

"It isn't that kind of a favor," he protested, sipping his own drink as if it were liquid platinum. "Tomorrow is Cora's birthday, and I want to surprise her with a little present I picked up. You know how Cora is

I hate to say this, but she's aw-
-turn the page

fully snoopy. If I take her present back to the hotel, she'll find out what it is sure as I'm sitting here."

"You want me to hold it for you?" I asked, not quite believing my ears and battling to suppress a grin. "But why not one of your own people? You've got enough entourage for a king."

"Don," he told me with a sincerity that had to be seen and heard to be believed. "Don, there isn't one of them I'd trust to keep a secret from Cora. You know how she is."

I knew. Cora Benson, Fred's legal and professional wife for decades, was the perfect mate — for him, anyway. She was not only an adroit comedienne and screen foil for her husband, but was, if anything, more miserly than he. Watching Fred, I saw his eyes flick past me to where Joe Henry was sitting at a table, and again I barely suppressed a grin.

"But why me?" I asked. "After all, I'm a comparative stranger."

His arm went around my shoulders in a gesture of comradeship. "You've got a splendid reputation, Don," he told me, in low vocal gear. "Besides, it's nothing very valuable. But surprising Cora means a lot to me."

The old goat hadn't surprised Cora, I felt certain, since the first time he hung his pants over a chair in her bedroom, way back God knows when. But I let him slip the little cube of a parcel into my right hand, and I slipped it into a trouser pocket. "Four o'clock," he told me. "At my hotel. And be sure you give it to me personally." He lifted his glass and said, "Skal!" in an atrocious accent. I skinned him back, he finished his drink, wiped his mouth on a bar

napkin and was gone.

The old bastard! I thought. Someone must have tipped him off that we were going to search his rooms later that morning, while he was being received at the Royal Palace. Some people will do anything for what they think is a chance in Hollywood. He certainly had Joe Henry tagged for a U.S. Revenue Bureau overseas spotter. It was a minor miracle he didn't know I was on the team, too.

I ordered another drink and winked at Joe in the backbar mirror, as he followed Fred Benson out into the balmy summer Copenhagen night. I wondered if Joe had caught the play when Benson handed me the packet. It felt heavier than it should have, in my trouser pocket — after all, it isn't often a roving character like me gets to hold a diamond worth a quarter of a million clams at two in the morning — or any other time for that matter.

I was going to return the stone, all right, so that he could try to smuggle it past the New York inspectors. That was my job. They'd nail him, of course, being well tipped-off, and I'd get ten percent of what they socked him — maybe a net of fifteen gees. Then I could loaf around Europe, and maybe take a trip to Seychelles, off East Africa, like I'd planned for six months. There's a girl living down there I wanted to hay in with again worse than I'd wanted anything since I made my high school football letter.

Benson's parking the Leukens diamond with me was strictly for laughs — but I was too busy thinking about that Seychelles broad to smile. All I was good for

— Knight



was licking my chops.

"Pardon me," said a soft, pleasant, lilting voice from my left, "but wasn't that Fred Benson, the Hollywood star?"

I caught a glimpse of the speaker in the mirror and turned to port for a full-on view. Seychelles became just another dot on the old Rand McNally. This was the kind of girl men never forget — one look at her made them forget all other women. At least, that was the effect on me.

Close-cut, Italian-rumpled dark brown hair, wide-set, light, light blue eyes, soft, full cheeks backed up by beauty of bone structure a much younger Dietrich would have envied, a mouth made for love and a little, round chin as firm as an October apple. Traveling south, a figure wrapped up in a dark-blue sheath as revealingly, if a lot more closely, than a gardenia in cellophane. Furthermore, the ensemble was alive and spelling, spelling S-E-X about two hundred different ways, all of them on a level that would mean no hangover, moral or otherwise, later on.

"That was Benson," I said, wondering if Christmas had fallen out of season this year. "You just witnessed an historic event. He actually bought me a drink . . . and paid for it."

She laughed, and I was down a lot deeper than the Andrea Doria — this girl was liquid silver when she laughed. Even her English was charming — just enough accent to be seductive, not enough to make her hard to understand. I said, "Let me buy you a drink, quick, before the clock strikes twelve, and you turn into a pumpkin or something."

She laughed again, softly, then said, "It is well past midnight, Mr. . . . ?"

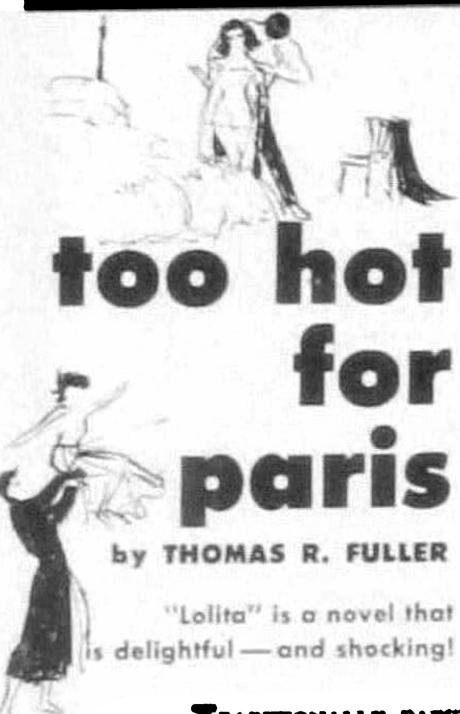
"Farley," I told her. "Don Farley . . . formerly of St. Louis, now of Paris, Rome or wherever I hang my crew-cut."

She said, "I am Martine . . . my mother was French."

"To hell with your mother," I told her and flagged the bartender. "She wouldn't approve of my thoughts."

"Should I?" she asked.

"We'll take that up in due course," I said and gave the order. It was the beginning of a delightful evening — morning, rather. The Adlon was full of gorgeous chicks, as usual, but I only had eyes for her — Martine. She was much too good to be true, but I wasn't concerned with fidelity at the moment. I was concerned only with getting



too hot for paris

by THOMAS R. FULLER

"Lolita" is a novel that is delightful—and shocking!

TRADITIONALLY, PARIS is supposed to be the most wide-open city in the Western World. Even though a Puritan-minded premier officially closed its fabulous brothels some years back, tourists and residents alike have failed to report any grave shortage of sex, on the hoof or the bidet.

More important, Paris has been, ever since the times of Napoleonic censorship of news and literature, the greatest melting pot of liberal and conservative ideas and production of erotic literature the modern world has known. It is the city of Flaubert, de Maupassant, Pierre Louys, Jean Paul Sartre, Andre Gide, and many, many others whose passionate portraits in words of love and lust, licit and illicit, has kept fully abreast of the real-life vices of the boulevards.

So, when a novel appears that is considered too hot for Paris, it constitutes a subject worth looking into. The novel in question is entitled "Lolita", and so shocking was it to its Parisian publishers that they didn't dare print it in the French language. Instead, it is one of the few novels in history to make its debut in a Paris edition in English. Furthermore, although the "hero" of this work is an emigre from Europe, all the action takes place in the United States.

The theme of the story is as equitably simple as it is shocking to Puritan minds. The chief character, whimsically named Humbert Humbert, is a wandering wastrel of some means and above average social

background who has the unfortunate perversion of caring lustfully only for pre-adolescent girls. Because he feels unshakable yearnings to fondle the twelve-year-old daughter of his landlady, a comely New England widow with some money, he marries the widow.

When his wife snoops into his diary and discovers the true goal of his desires, she blows her henna-bronze stock and flees the house, calling Humbert a monster, to be instantaneously killed by a passing car. Thus Humbert inherits her house, her modest wealth and the "nymphet" Lolita as well.

In a weird, half-nightmare, half-grotesque scene, Humbert makes fumbling passes at his stepdaughter in bed, only to have her quite efficiently complete the seduction, having been introduced to the rites of Eros some months earlier by a boy at a summer camp. Thus is the seducer seduced and caught in one of the weirdest, most monstrous, most comical traps ever devised by man.

Feeling increasingly bewildered, unable to compute whether he is turning into father or monster or some strange melange of both, Humbert is horrified to discover that a similar minded scoundrel, even more rascally than himself, is trailing them on a motor trip across America, intent on spiriting off Lolita for his own decadent pleasures. What is more, the stranger, who manages to keep his identity hidden from Humbert, succeeds all too well, winning not only Lolita's spindling body but her love as well.

Abandoned, Lolita marries a G.I. and is thoroughly pregnant when, some years after losing her, Humbert catches up with her and learns the identity of the man who betrayed him. But this time, having reached womanhood of a sort, Lolita has ceased to hold any sexual attraction for him. Humbert hunts down his betrayer and kills him in one of the damnedest murder scenes ever written, in which he pumps him as full of holes as a Swiss cheese, yet the villain refuses stubbornly to die.

Author of the story so briefly outlined above is a novelist little known in America at present named Vladimir Nabokov. A brilliant writer and intellectual, he won early literary esteem for his books in Czarist Russia, then, as an exile, repeated his success as a novelist in France, whence he fled to America before

the Nazi hordes in 1940. Today, as an American, a Cornell Languages professor and a collector of rare butterflies for zoological museums, Nabokov has achieved almost incredible mastery of his third writing language, English.

Make no mistake, for all the heat it is currently generating, "Lolita" is a very fine novel, quite possibly a great one. Yet so horrifying have most publishers found its theme and lack of any sort of moral preaching while dealing with such a subject, that all those in America to whom it was submitted turned the book down with openly expressed fears of going to prison if they published it. One even went so far as to suggest "softening" the theme by turning Lolita into a boy and having Humbert a farmer who conducts a homosexual affair with him.

Probably what shocks fastidious minds most deeply about the book is its unexpected, very real and quite irreverent humor. For instance, quite early in the ribald proceedings, Humbert is panting at the prospect of being able to rent lodgings from a rural family with two (count 'em, two!) small daughters. Arrived in Ramadale, Humbert is given the distressing news that the house of his dreams had just burned down, "possibly, owing to the synchronous conflagration that had been raging all night in my veins."

Or, when describing the ill-fated Charlotte Haze, to whom Humbert was so briefly married. "she said 'excuse me' whenever a slight burp interrupted her flowing speech, called an envelope an ahnvelope, and when talking to her lady-friends referred to me as Mr. Humbert . . . And when, by means of pitifully ardent, naively lascivious caresses, she of the noble nipple and massive thigh prepared me for the performance of my nightly duty, it was still a nymphet's scent that in despair I tried to pick up as I bayed through the undergrowth of dark decaying forests."

It is these sudden shafts of unexpected wit, of unleavened, untrammelled free thought, that disturb the conventional brain. Yet it is this same all-too-human irreverence for everything and anything that makes "Lolita" an important novel — perhaps as important as the early works of Hemingway or Emile Zola. Watch out for it — it is not the sort of book anyone can suppress for long. And remember, it is still considered too hot for Paris!

TARGET, from page 17
chords in his love-partner.

Now, it appeared, he was all too painfully in for it. He knew Fran well enough not to doubt her carrying out each and every one of the threats she had uttered before Lotte used her black magic to give her a black eye. Underneath the charming woman he had married, lurked a hard-as-nails little Irish-American girl, clawing her way up in show business. The black eye, of course, would add a sharp extra spur to her vengeance.

Even more terrifying, just then, was the prospect of a lifetime with Lotte. He would never dare even think about stepping out of line lest the roof fall in on him or something come out of nowhere and brain his partner. He would be little better than a love-slave, forced to accede to the German girl's every demand — and he had an idea they would be both numerous and heavy.

Just how heavy they were, he found out that evening in the charming Heintz Hotel, a remodeled monastery in the Luxembourg toy-town village of Vianden. Like any healthy, husky young male of under thirty, Charley prided himself on his sexual prowess — and with considerable reason since, thanks to his good looks and spectacular success in a spectacular profession, he had had ample opportunity to test himself.

Never, however, had he met anything as insatiable as the Lotte who revealed herself to him that night. The charming idyll-sharer of Berlin, who laughed charmingly with him in their embraces, had been replaced by a veritable blonde harpy, a monster whose unending thirst left him weak as a nine-day-old kitten by morning. He was grateful that she again took the wheel, fresh as the proverbial daisy and smiling her contentment, as they took the road for Paris the next morning.

"We shall have a wonderbar holiday, ja?" she said gaily.

"Ja," he replied, burping slightly and feeling all-gone inside. "It will be a wonder if I live through it."

"But you are so strong, my darling, so new-world fresh."

"Right now," he told her, "I feel plenty old-world stale." Then, to change the subject before he grew ill, "How did you ever discover your powers, Lotte?"

She made a slight, deprecatory gesture. "When I was a little girl in Saxony," she said, "I learned about the gift from my grandmother. I found I could make things move around a little without touch-

ing them . . . a very little, mind you."

"I mind perfectly, *Liebschen*," he moaned. "I wouldn't dare not to."

"Foolish boy," she said, soothingly. "Then, one day, a nasty little boy tried to take away my sandwich at lunch. He made me furious, and I thought him harm, and a stone flew at him and knocked him down. Since then, I have always managed to have my own way. That is how I got to be a movie star so quick. Later, with you, there will be Hollywood, and we shall be very, very rich and famous."

"Ja," was all a horrified Charley could answer. "Ja-oh!"

"When you left me in Frankfurt, I was very sad," she went on. "Then I thought about you and your Fran, and I could not bear it. If I have made you unhappy, *Liebschen*, I am so sorry, but it will be only for a little time. Am I not a splendid maker of love?"

"Overwhelmingly so!" he half-moaned, and she flashed twin rows of pearly white teeth at him in a radiant smile of sheer satisfaction.

Fran! he thought desperately. *Fran, help me . . . get me out of this horror!* But he knew he might as well have called for help from the moon. Listening, as Lotte chattered complacently about her plans for both of them, he realized sickeningly, that there seemed to be no method short of her death that could put a stop to her. In his present shattered condition, he was in no shape to contemplate murder efficiently — nor was he at all certain a creature with Lotte's powers could be killed. Why in hell, he wondered, hadn't somebody warned him, two months ago, in Frankfort. No wonder there had been no local opposition to his woo-pitch. Nobody had dared warn him — or wanted to.

He entered their suite in the Lancaster on the *rue de Berri*. Charley had figured that either of the big, plush, Hollywood-awny-from-home standbys, the Plaza-Athenee and the George V, were far too conspicuous. He was like a sacrificial lamb being led to the slaughter. A magnificent dinner at Fouquet's, on the *Champs-Elysées*, had restored some of the normal vigor to his body, but his spirit was still cowed.

Lotte said, "*Liebschen!*" softly, and flung herself like a hungry panther into his arms, almost before the bellboy had closed the door of their suite behind them.

Somehow, he fended her off until

they reached the bedroom, having no desire to acquire skin abrasions from too much exercise on the carpet, which seemed to be Lotte's consuming idea. With a sort of grim resignation whose comic overtones he received small comfort from. Charley undressed and took a soothing tub. Then, feeling better prepared to endure what lay ahead of him, he joined the over-passionate Saxon girl on the non-consummable couch.

To his bewilderment, the maneating harpy of the night before, the charming love-partner of Frankfort, both had vanished. He might as well have been embracing a department-store window-dummy. The sexy young actress, in his arms, was as responsive, as fiery, as a stick of green wood.

"Is this some new game you have invented?" he asked her, giving up after a series of attempts to arouse her had wakened no response whatever.

To his amazement, she was sobbing silently, crying. "I don't understand. I want you so, but I feel nothing. It is as if I were paralyzed. Help me, *Liebschen* . . . adore me . . . make me love!"

"What did you eat for dinner?" he asked her, running a hand through his short-cut brown hair. "Was there something in the food? Those snails, perhaps . . ."

"Nein," she replied, her face a tortured mask of distress. "My stomach feels fine. It is just that . . . when you hold me, I feel nothing."

"You and me both," he replied.

"Come . . . let us try again," she said, holding out soft white arms, enticingly.

"Well," he said, quoting the title of a well-known television show in America, "you asked for it."

He kissed her, he caressed her, not so much because he was in love with her as because he couldn't understand what had happened — and neither, it appeared, could she. Finally, awash with frustration, she fell, sobbing, asleep in his arms, murmuring, "Perhaps tomorrow will be better. We must wait till morning."

She awakened him before dawn, aglow with relief, and he could feel the passion in her as she lingeringly kissed him awake. But then, as he prepared to embrace her, the store-window dummy was back. This time, Charley exploded with anger.

"You Goddam kraut bitch!" he snarled, smoking-hot. "It isn't enough you have to wreck my life and get me in more trouble than

any man has a right to be in. It isn't enough you blackmail me into driving Fran away for fear you'll kill her, and let you make a God-dam love-slave out of me. It isn't enough you have to dominate my life. Now you have to pull a deep-freeze on me and try to turn me into a eunuch."

"But, Liebschen . . . Charley!" she protested, the tears streaming down her magnificent cheeks. "Charley, I can't help it! Come . . . we try once more."

"Not me," said Charley, lighting a cigaret. "I've had enough. I don't even pretend to understand what's going on, but I want out, and neither you nor anyone else is going to stop me."

From the bed came rhythmic sobs as Lotte cried, face down, into her pillow. Charley took a shower and shaved, feeling oddly free of the nightmare that had been riding him hard for thirty-six hours. He repacked his grip and got dressed and said, "You'd better lay off the witch-stuff, baby. It looks like it's backfired on you."

"Ach, nein . . . you must not say such a thing!" was the smothered reply from the bed. Lotte turned a streaming face with red-rimmed eyes toward him, then flung herself up from the bed, crying. "Do not leave me, Charley. I only did it for love of you."

He started away from her, toward the door, anxious only to get out while he could — but his suitcase impeded him, causing him to stumble and bring her within reach of him.

That was when the pillow flew off the bed, curved around and hit her full in the face, bringing her to a halt. While Charley looked on, his eyes popping out, it withdrew a brief distance, then smacked her again, forcing her back toward the bed. "Save me, Charley!" she shrieked, stumbling, then falling onto the sheets in a shower of feathers. "I am accursed! Help me, Charley . . . do not let me be killed!"

The remnants of the pillow fluttered politely under her as she buried her head once more in the bedding, and lay there without motion. Charley shifted his bag to the other hand and regarded her quivering, nude form sternly. "You," he told her, "are a disturbing influence."

Then he marched out of the hotel.

He was standing on the curb, wondering where to go when he could get a cab, feeling like a dying

man to whom life had been miraculously restored. He looked left, then right, along the *rue de Berri*, trying to make up his mind whether he wouldn't stand a better chance of getting a taxi on the *Champs-Elysees*, when he saw the blue Porsche creeping toward him.

The door was flung open as it came abreast, and Fran's husky, familiar, ever-affectionate voice said, "Get in, you creep, before you get run over."

He got in, and she picked up speed and turned the corner on two wheels. He looked at his wife out of the corner of a wary eye and said, "I don't know how you got here, darling, but I've never been so glad to see anyone in my life."

She said, not returning his adoring glance, "Right now, I'm trying to make up my mind whether getting you back is worth the struggle."

"What do you mean?" he asked, weakly.

"What in hell do you think I mean?" she countered. "If you think any true daughter of Eire is going to sit idly by while a Sassenach witch magicks her man away, you've been blessed with less wit than my left front tire."

"Then you . . ." he began. "Then it wasn't her own magic backfiring."

"Listen, my love," Fran said sternly. "And listen well, because I'm not going to repeat it . . . ever. My first impulse, when you went gallivanting out of the Tellerhaus with your brothel of a leading lady, was to let you go and good riddance and bad luck to you. But when I got upstairs and looked at my black eye, I got too mad to have

sense. I decided I wasn't letting her get away with it. If anyone makes a slave out of you, it's going to be me and not some washed out, bulgy-bodied daughter of Saxony."

"Your eye looks okay now," he interjected.

"It's all done with makeup," she replied, "and stop breaking in. My Grandmother McCollum used to tell me about the strong strain of magic in the women of my family. They've never failed to predict the death of their men in centuries, and they have other uses as well."

"I should hope so," he said with a trace of rising spirit.

"Shut up, you faithless rogue," she said. "I found out where you were quick enough — you've created a fair scandal, my love — and I put my good Irish magic to use. I wasn't going to let that bitch enjoy another night with you. And I trust you enjoyed yourself with her, you tomcat!"

"Please," said Charley humbly. "I've been through enough."

They were stopped by a red light on the *Champs-Elysees* as he spoke, and she turned her green eyes on him. He could see the swelling around one of them, but, more important, a certain softness lurking behind the cold, beryl green. He said, "I've had it, Fran. I'm not fooling."

"You'd better not be," she replied. "I'd hate to have to use it again on you. I'll be doing penance for a year as it is."

She was lucky, he thought. His penance would undoubtedly last a lot longer.

“Knight



Follow these six
simple rules,
and whatever you
do, don't panic!

What to do until the doctor comes

by BOB TUPPER



1

ADMINISTER STIMULANTS

...four parts gin, one part vermouth.



4

MAKE PATIENT MORE COMFORTABLE

...the bedroom is ideal for this.



2

TEST REFLEXES

...this will give you some idea of how she feels.



3

LOOSEN CLOTHING

...this will help circulation and also show her true condition!



5

PREPARE TO OPERATE

...take all necessary precautions



6

ARRIVAL OF DOCTOR

...if caught in act of artificial respiration, leave patient in doctor's hands as soon as possible, especially in cases where doctor is her husband!

For ulcer-producing pressure and frustration, there is nothing like golf

SHOULD YOU FAIL to believe the title of this article, just ask the man who plays a game originally called gowf or goough (pronounced "goff") by its primitive practitioners some four or five centuries ago. One and all, its players, from President Eisenhower to Joseph P. Doakes, will enthusiastically and probably profanely affirm the fact that there is nothing, absolutely nothing, as tantalizing as trying to keep a small white pellet on a smooth green fairway, slashing or exploding it out of rough, trees or sandtrap, or merely endeavoring to tap it a couple of feet over velvet-smooth turf into a fair-sized hole.

This chronic condition of ulcerous exasperation and frustration is not confined to the game of golf's poorer players, those millions of un-touchables known as "dubs". Even the Bobby Joneses, even the Ben Hogans, have strange periods when their best-hit tee-shots, crispest irons and best-directed putts coyly refuse to go anywhere close to their planned targets. Such a mercurial star as Tommy Bolt, for instance, is known far and wide in golfing circles as "Terrible Tempered Tommy." An amiable giant and a talented practitioner of the so-called "Royal and Ancient" game, Bolt

becomes a veritable demon of ill temper on the fairway when his best shots begin going astray in tournament competition.

Among his lesser exploits, while working off the resultant frustration, have been the hurling of balls, the breaking of expensive steel-shafted clubs over either knee, the tossing of clubs and golf-bag as well into near-by offending ponds—and, if Terrible Tempered Tommy has yet to pick up caddy or spectator and heave him into the drink, it is merely because a man has to draw the line somewhere. Yet Bolt, for many years, has rated as a top-drawer professional and big-money winner on the tournament circuit.

Only recently, in a gesture either of supreme irony or supreme friendship, he was appointed by the U. S. Professional Golfer's Association to head its Good Conduct Committee. If he doesn't rule himself right out of the game, it seems to be generally hoped that discovering other golfers have troubles and tempers equal to his own may give him a perspective on the whole thing that will straighten him out.

So why do otherwise sane men and women practice such an exasperating sport—not to mention a game that can easily run into several thousand dollars a year for an

average player? Well, the answer is twofold. In the first place, golf is one of the biggest challenges to skill, self-discipline and self control ever invented in the name of sport. And, in the second place, when the player does have control of his shots, the sweet sense of power is so delightful that it more than makes up for all the long hours of misery, grief and emotional as well as financial loss.

The game has been with us a long time now. Apparently, it was originated by the Dutch, back in the Middle Ages, who liked to bat stones with sticks around their ever-present dunes. Then it crossed the North Sea to Scotland, where the demons have been promoting it ever since to foment woe and unhappiness throughout the civilized world.

Just how and when the game got to America is a matter for dispute today among golf historians. Unquestionably, Scottish officers attached to Highland regiments during the British occupation of New York City in our Revolution, assisted the redoubt-building Royal Engineers by digging up large portions of the western tip of Long Island in the form of divots. In fact, as Sir Henry Clinton is more or less

—turn the page



the World's Most Exasperating Game



Temper! Temper! Temper!

by HORACE DEVINE

unreliably reported to have commented, in 1780, following a tournament, "If we don't put a stop to these fanatics soon, they'll wipe out Brooklyn Heights . . . and then how shall we defend Manhattan against Washington and Rochambeau?"

There was a golf club in Savannah, during the second decade of the last century. This we know, because there exists an authentic invitation to a dance at the Golf Club dated 1813. But whether anyone actually played the noble game remains lost in the mists of the past. Actually, the first recorded game of "modern" golf was played on Washington's Birthday, 1888, three weeks before the famed blizzard of the same year, in a 30-acre back lot owned by a Yonkers butcher named Shotts. There, John Reid, using a set of "sticks" brought over from England by friend Robert Lockhart, plus a feather-stuffed sewn-leather ball, played a three-hole contest over an impromptu course with John B. Upham before a small, only mildly curious gallery.

Out of this innocent beginning was born the entire nefarious, ulcer-building edifice known as golf in America today. By 1894, golf courses had sprouted all over suburban America, and the Newport Golf Club (the Rhode Island resort already had the National Tennis championships) decided, quite arbitrarily, to entitle its annual tournament the First United States Amateur Golf Championship. It was held in the first week of September, and played at 36 holes over two days. Charles Blair MacDonal of Niagara Falls copped the title, as he did the following year, when the tournament received official status. His total, for the 36 holes, was a staggering 189 strokes.

However, before sneering at such early championship scores, it would be wise to recall that ball, clubs and courses were of a nature so primitive not even a driving range would stand for same today. In fact, there was an unbelievable incident in the 1895 amateur which Mr. MacDonald records as follows: "Richard Peters put a billiard cue in his golf bag and insisted on putting out with it."

Peters didn't get away with it, of course. In the first such decision of many, the new-born U.S.G.A. Executive Committee put the squelch on such a shenanigan. But in view of some of the weirdly shaped goose-necks, hammer-heads and other putting shapes that have

been allowed, it does seem that the committee was a trifle flint-hearted toward a precision instrument, even if it did come from another sport.

That same year, 1895, saw the first United States Open Championship, also played at Newport and won by Professional Horace Rawlins with a relatively respectable total of 173 for 36 holes. And thus the monster was won and weaned and waxing great of girth. In 1900, Harry Vardon crossed the Atlantic from England to cop the crown, and it was a scant baker's dozen years' later that young Francis Ouimet knocked off Vardon and Ted Ray, then rated the world's most redoubtable golfers in one-two order, to put American golf on the international map for keeps.

So much has been written about Ouimet and his win over the rain-sodden turf of The Country Club course in Brookline, Mass., that it scarcely bears retelling here. Suffice it to say that the bespectacled ex-caddy from suburban Boston became the first authentic American world golf-star. He proved his right to such brilliance by winning the U.S. Amateur in 1914, and then, 17 years later, in 1931, by scoring important victories in many a Walker Cup Team Match between the best British versus American amateurs; and captaining many a team for the same purpose.

But Ouimet was only the first of a sudden galaxy of great golfing stars, both amateur and professional, who sprouted from American fairway turf and seemed destined to keep on sprouting and winning as long as golf continues to be played within these shores.

After Ouimet, came Chicago Amateur Charles "Chick" Evans, Jr., who proceeded to win both the Amateur and Professional titles in 1916 (the first time this double sweep had been accomplished) and racked up another Amateur win in 1920 just to prove his victories were no fluke.

It was just three years later that the mightiest of all amateur golfers, Robert Tyre Jones, Jr., of Atlanta, came marching out in his white linen knickers to capture first of four Open Champions and, a year afterward, his first of four National Amateur dittos. During the eight seasons between 1923 and 1930, when he retired to make golf movies and enter business, Jones racked up eight National Titles, three British Opens and one British Amateur, the last falling his way, in 1930, when he swept all titles in the still unmatched "grand

slam" of golfdom.

Jones, born to wealth, was a sickly lad who was advised to take up golf by his family doctor while still a sub-teenager. By the time he was 14 or so, he was already rated a golfing figure of promise and importance on the national scene. But the game had its way with him for years, even as it has had with you and me.

He was unable to control gargantuan gusts of rage based on frustration when things began going wrong, with the result that, for all his talent, it was some seven years of big-time play before he could win a major tournament. But he struggled to master himself and, once the end was achieved, remained virtually unbeatable until his retirement.

Yet the penalties he paid, at times, were great. Under the tension of big-tournament play, Jones' famed composure was the thinnest sort of security for the turmoil inside the man. It was known fact that, for some years, he could scarcely play a round of competitive golf without having to duck behind bushes or caddy house, out of sight of the gallery, to lose whatever his stomach held. The chronic ill-health that has made of him a semi-invalid the past ten years or so seems more probably to have resulted from effects of this lengthy inner battle rather than from his boyhood ailments.

Yet no player has ever dominated golf as Bobby Jones did between 1923 and 1930, nor is any likely to. There has been Hogan, yes, but Hogan was a professional and therefore ineligible to half Jones' titles. There was Lawson Little, in the mid-1930's, who coped both the American and British Amateur titles two years running, and then turned professional to take the Open honors in 1940, but great as he was, he was no Bobby Jones.

Jones' most serious Professional rivals, during his years of greatness, were Gene Sarazen and Walter Hagen. Sarazen, a chunky, good looking ex-caddy from Connecticut, snapped up the American Open in 1922 and 1932; the P.G.A. in 1922, 1923 and 1933; and the British Open in 1932. Perhaps his greatest moment, in this titanic record, however, came in 1935, when he won Bobby Jones' special invitation tournament, The Masters, at Augusta, Georgia, with perhaps the most spectacular single shot in the history of the game. This was the famous double-eagle brassy, which he holed out from a distance of 285

yards for a 2 on a par-5 hole, thus putting him 3-up on the competition.

But Walter Hagen was more sensational than either of his rivals, whether on the course or off. In fact, certain of the Puritan minded have been cluck-clucking at Hagen's off-course carousels since the end of World War One. Hagen, who was colorful as well as able enough to make more money out of golf than anyone who played the game before or since, really believed in living it up.

In his own words, as reported in his "Autobiography" of 1954, "There were a few times when I stepped up to tee off with not even one hour of sleep." To put the record straight on one such occasion, which occurred at St. Petersburg, Florida, many years ago, Hagen explains that he and his wife had been on a round-robin New Year's Eve party the night before, and Hagen had lost track of the time when his chauffeur reminded him he was due to play an exhibition match at 10 a.m.

Checking the time, Hagen discovered that he had less than half an hour to reach the links, which were some miles away. He reached the first tee on time, but still clad in full dinner jacket and patent-leather pumps. Says he, "The few hundred people in the gallery thought that was great fun. I was sliding in all directions, trying to tee off in those slippery-soled shoes, and after several attempts, I got my drive away."

The gallery believed Hagen intended to play the entire match thus attired, but after getting away his second shot, he excused himself, returned to the clubhouse and donned more orthodox attire. Meanwhile, he was engaged in much laughter and joking with the crowd. To quote him again, after putting on spiked shoes, "Even then, for the next several holes, the fairway was much more slippery than it had ever seemed the dozen of times I'd played it. I managed to keep my footing and went on to win my match with a 68."

That was Hagen. He loved to raise hell, but no flintier, more daring performer when the chips or money were down ever existed. He won the U.S. Open in 1914, while still a teenager, and again in 1919. He was P.G.A. titlist in 1921, and then for four straight years from 1924 through 1927, a feat unmatched by any of the later greats. As for the British Open, he won it four

Mame

by DANIEL CARPENTER



MRS. WITHERSPOON was gratified when the traffic policeman, after scanning his license and registration, handed them back and said, "It's okay this time, but don't let it happen again."

He had been caught dead to rights, or wrong, trying to make a left turn from the wrong lane in heavy traffic. And the glowering cop had been ready to make a pinch. But there was a twinkle in his blue Irish eyes, the suggestion of a smirk tugging at the corners of his mouth as he handed the papers back to Witherspoon with his gentle warning.

Until the Witherspoons moved to the city, the somewhat erratic morals of Mame, their treasure of a cook, had been something of a problem, not to say a scandal to the jaybirds. There had been moments when Witherspoon was almost shocked at his wife's tolerance in enduring some of the goings on in the kitchen area. She had been more amused than outraged as she gave the clinical details of Mame's immorality, and had stilled his protest in the past by reminding him of how much he relished Mame's Yorkshire pudding and nesselrode pies and other culinary delicacies seldom found outside of the costliest restaurants.

Mame, it seemed, was mad for officers of the law — and here in the city, although her wanderings from virtue had grown more scandalous than ever, the food she prepared was better than ever, and he was finding that having a cop-loving woman in the household was worth its weight in traffic tickets, items which had never bothered him in the smaller community from which they came.

How any man in his right mind could manage to find Mame sexually stirring was something Mr. Witherspoon could not fathom.

She was plump, pale and possessed of the most raucous laugh he had ever heard. But, apparently, each man to his taste — and policemen seemed to have a taste for Mame that had already proved profitable on more than one occasion, city traffic rules being so much stricter than those in a small town.

There were a number of things about the city that troubled Mr. Witherspoon. The impersonality, the lack of need for considering everything one did in the light of his neighbors' eyes and opinions, the loss of communal identity. At times he had a feeling that, unless he committed a felony, no one gave a damn that he existed. A farm boy who had struck first success as a small-town businessman, he was finding it hard to adjust.

Yet his wife, Anne, whose sources were even more rural than his own, seemed to have little trouble adapting. Perhaps it was because she had been an only child, rather than part of a large family like himself, that she didn't mind, or seem to miss, the close-knit activities of small-town social life. She seemed, in fact, rather to welcome the lack of neighborly concern and interest. Mr. Witherspoon considered this flexibility as he carefully obeyed traffic signals and rules the rest of the way home to his trim, split-level ranch-type house.

Anne, dark and lovely in a clinging hostess gown, greeted him with a kiss and a cocktail when he got home, and he told her about the knowing leniency of the cop.

"That must be Murphy," said Anne, amused. "He works that corner, according to Mame."

They chatted on with the detached intimacy of the happily married until their conversation was interrupted by the ring of the doorbell. Witherspoon rose to answer it.

The policeman who stood there was tall, burly and roughly handsome in his blue uniform and gleaming buttons and badges. He said, "Mr. Witherspoon, I'm selling tickets to the Annual Policeman's Ball."

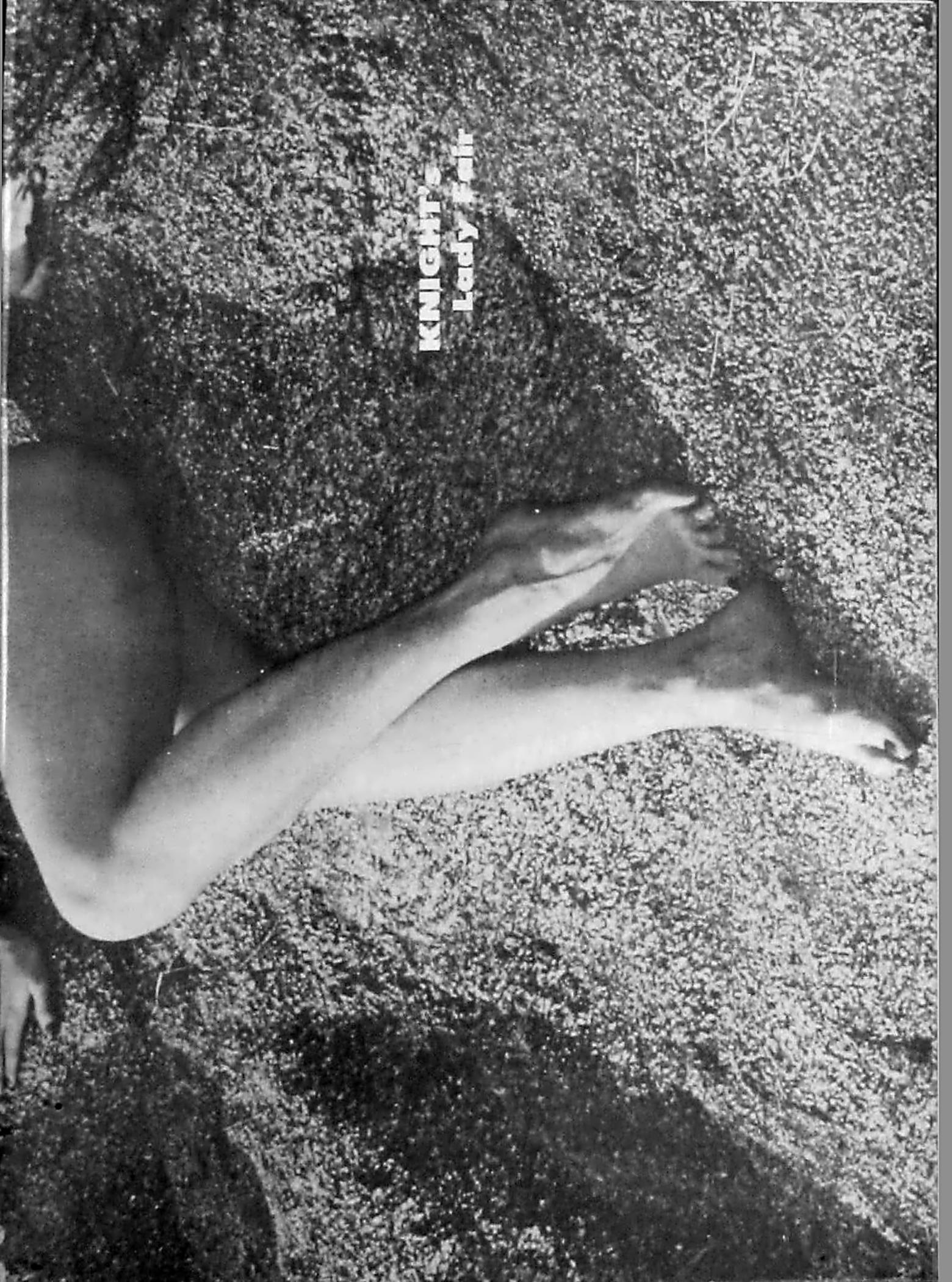
"Put me down for a dozen," said Witherspoon out of the largeness of his gratitude and Anne's cocktail. Then, "Anne honey, will you bring the checkbook?"

As Anne approached to hand it to him, the policeman's eyes lighted and his face glowed with a smile. "Hi, Mame," he said. "How's it going, babe?"

Mr. Witherspoon hit the hall carpet with a thud.



KNIGHTS
Lady





Larry

Henry

Bobby

Lisa was the highest-priced virgin to hit New York, and this was the wild week of her debut . . .

Maraschino

by GUY DUVAL

UNCLAD AND unashamed as Eve before The Fall, Lisa lay quivering on the couch in Bobby Anders' arms. The lights were soft and low; her delicious young pink-tipped breasts were thrust upward toward the soft white shirtfront mere inches above them, the hot, full, little bud of her mouth sought eagerly the harder passion of his lips. Her eyes were half closed, her loins astir with a fire that demanded slaking.

"Damn it, darling!" he muttered. "I don't want to hurt you."

"I want you to, darling," she gasped. "Please, please . . . please!"

Her lips found his then, and her tongue darted between them like a tiny serpent, and her soft, pink-ivory-arms encircled him with a convulsive strength that refused further denial. This was the moment she had been waiting for, living for, saving herself for, during all of her eighteen years.

Then a key turned in the door, and Lisa's sister, Aileen, stood there like some Fury out of ancient Greek legend. Aileen was as black of hair as Lisa was golden. Her skin, beneath the heavy layers of makeup that covered it, was olive, where Lisa's was primrose pink. Her eyes were of jet, where Lisa's were sapphires and, at the moment, glittering with rage. Her figure, sensational if less well endowed than Lisa's, was also quivering, but with rage rather than unslaked desire.

"I thought so!" she said, her

voice hard and high with fury. "Leave you alone five seconds, you dirty little tart, and you're making a grab at the first pair of pants within reach."

"I'm sorry, Miss Carlin," said a red-faced Bobby Anders, sitting up, clear of Lisa, and hastily rearranging his dishevelled clothing. "But nothing has really . . ."

"Shut up, you creep, and get back downstairs to your piano!" snapped Aileen angrily. "If anything has happened, by God, you'll wish you'd never been born."

With an apologetic look at Lisa, who was sitting up, bare as a baby, but far, far more beautiful, Bobby Anders darted past Aileen and outside, adjusting his maroon bow tie as he went. Hands on her hips, the outraged Aileen turned on Lisa, who was in the process of lighting a cigaret.

"I ought to give you a whaling, you damned little idiot," she said.

"Try it," said Lisa quietly, talking around the smoke in her exquisite mouth, "and I'll break your arm."

Aileen, who had taken two menacing steps toward the sofa, stopped short. Looking at her sister, she said, "Get something on, you little jerk! Tom's on his way up, and you don't want him to be getting any ideas."

"It might be fun," said Lisa, her eyes narrowing as she considered the suggestion.

"You lay off Tom," Aileen told her. Then, pleading, "For God's

sake, Baby, put something on!"

Lisa rose slowly, with a trace of sulky defiance, and walked across the room to the chair on which her robe had been tossed when she egged Bobby into peeling it from her pliant, passionate body. She shrugged herself into it and crossed the room to where the bottles and glasses and ice-bucket stood on a table against the wall, under the print of the British landing at Kipp's Bay during the Revolution. The Hotel Kipp-Sutton, on Manhattan's East Side, went in heavily for historical decor.

"And go easy on the booze," said Aileen sharply as Lisa poured herself a hooker of vodka.

"I've got to taper off," said Lisa. "I'm not a vegetable, Aileen, no matter what you think. You can't seem to remember I'm human."

She drained the glass, sipped some water and took another puff on her cigaret. In her sheer pink negligee she looked like a tousled, troubled, delightfully earthy angel.

Unexpectedly, Aileen came over and hugged her. "I know it's tough on you, baby," she said in conciliatory tones, "but this is what we've been aiming for all along. You don't want to goof now."

"You're archaic," said Lisa, far from mollified. "You'd think I was some sort of mediæval slave or something, being sold on the market."

"Don't be like that, baby," begged Aileen. "I only want you to — take the ride



Tom

Aileen

Lisa

**A SIR KNIGHT
BONUS NOVELETTE**

have the best. You'll get plenty of chances to kick it around later. A lot better than I ever had."

"Don't give me that jazz," said Lisa. Ignoring her older sister's disapproving glare, she poured herself another drink. "I might as well get plastered," she said, not looking at Aileen. "You won't let me do anything else."

Tom Lucas came in then. He was short, broad, thick and hard as a rock, all chest and arms like a gorilla, and blackhaired all over except for the top of his head, which reflected the lamplight like a shaving mirror. At the moment, having tanked downstairs at the bar with Aileen since dinner, he was wreathed in good nature.

Without removing the cigar from his mouth, he said to Lisa, "Get a load of you, cookie. You look good enough to eat."

Neither of the girls answered him, and he sensed the static electricity in the atmosphere. His smile fading, he said, "So what's wrong now?" Can't I leave you two broads alone five minutes without a world war starting?" His accent was definitely from the far side of any New England railroad track.

"It ain't us," said Aileen, her own voice shill. "It's Baby we can't leave alone. I came in here just now and found her trying to hay in with that jerk piano player from the lounge downstairs."

"So what?" Tom lifted massive shoulders. "So what? Baby's old enough to get her kicks. You'd think she's a nun or something, the way you keep her penned in."

"Hah!" said Lisa eloquently, putting down her glass empty.

"Jesus!" said Aileen furiously. "Can't I get it through your thick, stupid heads that the whole purpose of this trip is to get Baby launched? Only I want to get her launched right. Is there anything wrong with that?"

Tom, who had been pouring himself a drink, sank onto the sofa Lisa and the piano player had so recently vacated. He downed a couple of ounces of rye, belched and said, "Okay, so let's put the show on the road. We been here a week already. You think I can sit down here and keep things running right at home?"

Tom, an ex-bootlegger who had graduated to a sort of semi-legitimate prosperity, had a number of profitable operations going for him back in Manchester, from the local Bingo concession to a small cab company and a couple of liquor stores. He had latched onto Aileen

in 1952, plucking her from behind the counter of one of the local Five-and-Dime stores, and they had been living in common-law marriage ever since. As he had a legal wife locked up in a state insane asylum and state law forbade divorce, there had never been a question of marriage with Aileen. Tom, an established big-shot on his own level in Manchester, was a whale out of water in New York. Increasingly, he wanted the comforts of home.

Aileen sat on his lap and kissed him, leaving a smear of dark lipstick on his face. She said, "I know you're homesick, honey, and so am I. But it takes time . . . after all, we don't *know* anybody in New York."

"I got plenty of connections," said Tom, scowling and dropping ash on the carpet.

"Yeah." Aileen laughed without mirth. "I know your connections. They'd have Baby so mobbed up she'd spend the rest of her life on the lam."

"Aw," said Tom placatingly, "they ain't so bad. Big Tony's boy's a nice kid."

"With three drunk-driving raps and a saloon shooting against him at nineteen?" Aileen asked passionately.

"He's got plenty of jack, and he goes for Baby," said Tom. "Lissen, sugar, we got to get this thing rolling. You're full of dreams."

"That's more than you're full of," said Aileen, and the battle got under way.

Lisa, who had been listening to it for too long, wandered into her room and removed the sheer negligee, tossing it carelessly on the bed. She surveyed her nude body in the long mirror inside the half-open bathroom door. She cupped her full, firm breasts in her hands and felt the deliciously agonizing tingle run through her. She thought, *What a Goddam waste! Just because my sister has ideas . . .*

She took a shower, letting her medium-short golden hair get wet although she had had a permanent only that day. She combed it back sleekly, decided she liked the effect, which added years and a sophisticated sparkle to her angel look. She redid her face, splashed on some of the expensive perfume she and Aileen had bought at Bonwit's the day before, then got into the white crepe-silk and silver-lame cocktail dress they had bought at Saks on Tuesday. She wore nothing underneath — she didn't need to — and enjoyed the cool, crisp smoothness of the fabric against her

skin. It clung to the enchanting young curves of her figure like a well-tailored glove. Glittering white-sapphire earrings and a pair of pert, high-heeled silver sandals completed her costume.

Aileen and Tom were still at it, hot and heavy, on the sofa, when she reentered the living room. She glided silently behind them, unnoticed, and entered the little kitchenette that was part of the suite. There was half a soft, creamy nemelrode pie in the tiny refrigerator. Lisa looked at it thoughtfully, then took it out and removed it from the tin plate in which it rested. Thanks to being chilled, it held firm in her hand. She slipped into the other bedroom, with its twin beds Tom detested. The maid had already turned them down for the night. She lifted back Aileen's covers and slid the pie gently down near the foot. Then she replaced the covers neatly, as she had found them, and went on back to the living room.

Tom saw her first. His heavy black eyebrows rose comically, and his lips pursed in a silent whistle. Aileen, in the midst of a sentence, caught his expression, halted in mid-channel and turned to look at Lisa. "Where in hell do you think you're going, Baby?" she asked sharply.

"Downstairs to listen to Bobby," she replied matter-of-factly. "After all, I do owe him sort of an apology."

"In a pig's eye!" snapped Aileen, her smooth, beautiful, hard-as-nails face a mask of denial.

"Aw, let her have some fun," Tom put in. "Baby, you look like a couple of million in the bank."

"Thank you, sir," said Lisa, putting a forefinger to her chin and half-curtsying.

"All right!" Aileen knew when she was licked. "But promise me. Baby, you won't do anything wrong. I mean a real promise."

"Okay, I promise," Lisa said wearily. Between the sisters, a "real" promise was one that had to be kept.

"And don't be too Goddam late," said Aileen. "You don't want circles under your eyes."

"Yes, mother," said Lisa. She got out of there before her sister could think of anything else.

CHAPTER II

IT WAS THE FIRST time Lisa had visited the hotel bar alone. Heretofore, she had always been guarded and blanketed by her sister, or her sister and Tom, and

had, from force of habit and because she was naturally wary in a new environment, kept herself as much in the background as her fresh young beauty permitted. However, in the course of their week in Manhattan, she had gauged the temper, mood and atmosphere of the Bay Room, as it was called, correctly.

Although the clothes, manners, speech and general appearance of the room's habitués were as far removed from those of the denizens of the bar-grilles and roadhouses in and around Manchester, it had not taken Lisa long to discover that their purposes were much the same. The men and women who crowded

out letting her eyes stray, she paraded through the late diners and drinkers to an empty table for two close to the piano in the rear of the long room, where Bobby Anders was letting his fingers roam restlessly over the keys.

She did not need to look around her to know that every eye in the room was on her -- she could feel the quick, sexual reaction of the men, the instinctive dislike of the women, burning right through the silk-crepe gown that was her only garment. She gloried in it, as she gloried in the sudden faltering of Bobby's playing as he looked up from the keyboard and saw her

slid into the other chair at her table. He said, "Jesus, darling! They're going to have to call out the Fire Department. I could hear them sizzling the moment you entered the room."

"I came down to apologize for Aileen," said Lisa softly. "She thinks she owns me or something."

"Does she?" Bobby asked obliquely. He was, she thought, the cutest man she had ever met, with his long, lean, fair-skinned body and thoughtful, rather sad and sensitive face that could, on occasion, light up in such a boyish smile. She liked the way his light-brown hair curled rebelliously in a cowlick that resisted all efforts at discipline. She liked his soft, college-educated voice. She liked especially the fact that he liked her. Furthermore, she liked the way he played piano in a modern, muted jazz style familiar to her only on records.

He looked at her, a shade quizzically now, and said, "Doesn't she own you? She certainly acted like it upstairs. It was damned embarrassing, not to say frustrating."

"There'll be another chance," said Lisa, making glowing promises with her eyes and with a slight, sensual shift of her lightly clad body.

"I hope so, darling," murmured Bobby fervently, dropping his voice as the waiter arrived with hollow-stemmed goblets and silvered bucket. He showed Lisa the bottle before uncorking it. The label, *Moët-Chandon*, and the vintage, 1949, meant nothing to her, though the pianist remarked, "Nothing but the best, Lisa?" She made a face at him, and they were silent until the waiter had uncorked the bottle and departed after filling their glasses.

Putting hers down half-empty, Lisa said thoughtfully, "I guess Aileen does feel she's sort of like my mother. She's taken care of me ever since I was seven."

"What happened to your parents?" Bobby inquired.

Lisa made a vague gesture. "Oh," she said, "the Old Man left home and Mom went looking for him and never came back." She plucked a cigaret from the pack he had laid on the tablecloth and held it out for him to light.

A plump, sexy, mascaraed and very pretty redhead, in a strapless maroon-velvet gown embroidered with a gold leaf design, approached the table, saying in a husky, bottle-scarred contralto, "Bobby darling. Finn marooned me at a perfectly dreadful brawl, so I cut out and



Lisa slipped the soft creamy pie between the sheets of Aileen's bed

the bar or sat at the tables were there for similar reasons. They wanted to get drunk, they were looking for sex, they were on the prowl for ways and means of making themselves a buck -- sometimes, all three. Mostly, however, the men were looking for sex.

Lisa took a deep breath as she stood in the entrance, an act that accounted the provocative twin fullnesses of her breasts in the daringly low-cut gown. Then she breezed in, holding herself erect and letting her hips swing like the French and Italian movie actresses she had seen in the art theaters since coming to New York. With-

sitting there, so close to him. Out of the side of his mouth, he said softly, "Hello, darling. Did you leave your sister alive up there?"

"Alive and suffering," Lisa told him, wrinkling her pert little nose. To the waiter who suddenly hovered over her, taking advantage of his position to get a good glimpse of her cleavage, she said, "Pink champagne . . . and don't let your eyeballs fall into the bucket." She made no move to conceal from him her half-visible charms but enjoyed his quick discomfiture and withdrawal.

Bobby finished his number to a faint patter of routine applause and

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came right over. You look perfectly beautiful, darling. And champagne!"

"Courtesy of Miss Carlin," said the pianist, rising and snagging a chair for the newcomer from an adjoining table. "Lisa, this is Teddy Newcombe, one of my friends."

"And one of your fondest admirers, darling," said Teddy, acknowledging Lisa's presence by the barest of nods. She went right on talking to Bobby as if Lisa was part of the furniture, dropping first names that meant nothing to her in bewildering succession, barely pausing to pick up Bobby's freshly refilled glass and drain it.

Lisa sat there like a coiled snake — though she felt like a snake without fangs. She knew instinctively that this was the enemy, but felt so far out of her native environment that she had not the slightest idea of how to meet the challenge. She sat there, feeling increasingly more a worm than a snake, as Teddy chattered on like a society and show-business gossip column. She told herself she should have been prepared for competition — but involvement in her own emotional problems and lack of knowledge of New York had erased all thought of such routine moral armament. Nor was Bobby much help as he sat there, sharing Lisa's champagne with the redhead. He laughed when she wanted him to laugh, made the remarks she wanted him to make.

"Got to earn my wages," he said, just as Lisa was meditating the possibility of upturning the table on both of them. "Lisa, Teddy's husband is a vice president of Perisphere Records. Anything special you want me to play?"

Lisa had it on the tip of her tongue to suggest he render "I'll Be Glad When You're Dead, You Rascal You", but Teddy got ahead of her with a request for "Orchids in the Moonlight". When they were alone, the redhead looked at Lisa and said, "My, you're pretty! You make me feel like a hag."

"You make me feel like a fourth-grader," said Lisa. She knew Bobby's remark about Teddy's husband had been a warning to treat the intruder with mittens on, not boxing gloves. Since she had decided she wanted Bobby, Lisa played along, though she didn't enjoy it.

Teddy said, "You look like something right out of a French movie kindergarten. But let's listen to Bobby... he's going to be a big star one of these days."

Lisa stored this bit of information away for future reference and

possible use. She listened, then covertly noted Teddy's utter absorption in the music and its maker. She decided she was a third wheel on a two-wheel cart and slipped from the table.

In the powder room, she surveyed herself in the mirror. Her reflection gave her reassurance in some degree, but she knew she was not yet ready to compete with Teddy Finn. She had never looked so well-groomed, so sensationally dressed, so sexy — but she lacked something the other woman had, for all of her age and overweight. It was a New-Yorkness, a brassy assurance no girl could hope to acquire in Manchester. And then, there was the matter of the vice-president husband. For Bobby's sake, she decided not to go back to the table while Teddy was there. She didn't want to hurt him any more than she had upstairs, thanks to Aileen, nor did she want to wreck her own chances with the pianist by breaking every bone in Teddy's well-upholstered body.

She went alone to the bar and sat down on the end stool by the pebbled glass-brick front window. She ordered a rye-on-the-rocks and sat there sipping it, sulkily licking her psychological wounds and plotting imaginary counter-attacks. It seemed to be a night of repeated frustrations as far as Bobby and she were concerned . . .

UPSTAIRS, IN THE suite, Aileen slipped out of Tom's bed and crossed to her own. She shivered a little as the night air from the open window struck the sweat-smooth curves of her naked body. Tom rolled over onto his back and lay there with his arms outstretched, snoring gently. Jesus! she thought, how tired she was of that big, hairy, ape's body, of his grinding into the soft, secret places of her own! She reminded herself that he had been good to her, felt a thrill run through her at the thought of escape from Tom and Manchester if Lisa only didn't goof the long and carefully planned pitch. Someone, she told herself, would be willing to pay big money for Lisa, and then . . .

Her thrill turned into a shiver, and she plunged into her own smooth, cool sheets . . . and froze as her feet came in contact with something indescribably soft and horrible. In spite of herself, she screamed.

"Whassamatter, whatsis?" Tom asked, coming heavily awake and switching on the lamp on the be-

tween-the-beds table.

"I don't know," whimpered Aileen in a near-convulsion of horror. "There's something awful in here."

Like a great ape whose mate is in danger, Tom growled and came rolling out of his bed, a hulking, hairy figure without a stitch on. With one violent motion he flung back the covers, while Aileen covered her face with her hands and moaned in an ecstasy of fear.

Tom looked at the mess of the nesselrode pie. He stuck a finger in it, licked it, then muttered in admiration. "The Goddam little bitch!" Then he began to guffaw and laughed until he fell back on his bed with tears running down his fat cheeks.

"I'll kill her!" raged Aileen, once she had discovered the source of her disaster, as well as its nature. "I'll break her face. I'll take a hairbrush to her!" And then, as the just retributive nature of the trick sank home, Tom's laughter became contagious, and she began to laugh, too . . .

THE COMPACTLY built, casually good-looking young man with the cropped black hair and the cool, wise grey eyes said, "Would you mind very much if I bought you a drink? You're the most beautiful thing to hit New York since Henry Hudson sailed up the North River. I'd like very much to know you."

There was, in his approach, nothing of the bumbling shyness or crass, "Com'ere, babe," of Manchester. It was direct, interested, flattering. Lisa eyed him, noted that his dark-grey suit was better-tailored and better-fitting than any she had ever seen at quarters so close, and that he actually wore cufflinks. She said, "Visiting hours are from" — she squinted at the wafer-thin gold watch on his wrist — "midnight till one A.M." The time was three minutes past 12.

"What happens at one?" he asked after signaling the bartender for a refill. "Do you turn into a pumpkin and get drawn away by a team of white mice with a frog coachman?"

Lisa had a quick inventive flair for repartee she had seldom, if ever, had much chance to use without finding herself talking over other people's heads. She shook her head and said, "No, I turn into a foreign sports-car and go around helping stamp out people."

He did a quick double-take and murmured, "All this and humor, too?"

"They shut it off at one A.M., when my arms and legs turn into wire wheels," she told him. He looked nice, but there was something about him that made her want to keep him at arm's length. Not that she had the slightest doubt as to his intentions, or resentment toward same. She just didn't want him crowding her.

They chatted, and all at once she realized that he was asking her questions, impersonal-personal questions as if he were some kind of a statistician. She said, "I'm not really curious, but I think I ought to know... are you planning to take a blood-test of me tonight?"

He put back his head and laughed. Then, serious again, "Hardly. You're hitting on all corpuscles. But you look like exactly the sort of girl a friend of mine is looking for."

Lisa debated the wisdom of tossing her drink in his face. Coming on top of the evening's previous humiliations, this was too much. She said, "Have him see my sister. She's prettier than me."

"That I don't believe," said the young man, whose name she did not know. She asked him, and he replied, "I'm Henry de Witt, a native-born New Yorker believe it or not."

"Why not?" she replied, turning away a little to reveal her loss of interest.

"I'm very serious," he told her. "I'd like to discuss it with you tomorrow. You might find the prospect... interesting."

"Okay," said Lisa. "Come up at three." She had no intention of seeing him again. She was too busy, and much too furious, watching the reflection in the backbar mirror of Bobby walking out with the redhead. *The brown-nosing bastard!* she thought.

"I don't know your name," he said.

"Lisa," she told him. "Lisa Carlin. I'm staying at the hotel... with my sister and her husband."

"I live here," he told her. "I do publicity for the hotel." He pulled out his wallet and gave her a card. Having no bag or pocket in which to put it, she laid it on the bar in front of her while she finished her drink. Then she had another with de Witt. She didn't pay much attention to what he was saying. Her mind was very much elsewhere. When she went upstairs, a little after one, the card was still on the bar, well saturated with tumbler-sweat.

Lisa hung up her dress carefully

— it was much too attractive to toss on the carpet — and sat on the edge of her bed, letting the cool night air rinse her body clean of the tensions and problems that had beset it through the evening. She watched her nipples rise under the stimulus of their exposure to the cold, then, frowning a little, concentrated on the telephone book spread across her naked thighs.

She dialed the Fire Department on the outside line and reported a fire in Bobby Ander's apartment. Then she hung up and pulled back the covers and tested her bed to make sure Aileen had not sought revenge for the nesselrode pie. Then, looking more like an angel than ever, she slipped sensuously between the sheets and fell asleep, smiling faintly to herself.

CHAPTER III

Bobby Anders lived on the third floor of a converted brownstone mansion, some four-and-a-half blocks from the Kipp-Sutton. It was early in the afternoon of the next day, following a morning of shopping and lunch with Aileen at the Veau d'Or, that Lisa entered the apartment unannounced.

She had begged off from a fitting session with Aileen and told her

sister she was going to an Italian movie. Since the apartment door was ajar, she was able to go in without knocking.

She heard voices, male voices, coming from the disordered living room. Bobby was there, smoking a cigaret and holding a bottle of beer in his left hand, clad only in a towel tied around his lean middle. He was talking earnestly to a squat, blue-chinned young man with a fat hound's wrinkled face.

"...so I've still got to get enough nut together to get us a library," he said. "Don't ask me where it's coming from. I thought I had it lined up last night, but the whole bit went haywire."

"Tough," said the hound-faced one. "I was hoping you'd have it made by now so I wouldn't have to go on this tour with Woody and the herd. My ulcer is aching at the thought."

"With you and Bish on vibes, we got a sure-fire saloon trio," said Bobby. "Hang on a little longer, will you, Joe? Something's bound to turn up."

"Ulcer or no, I still gotta eat," said Joe. He looked around then and saw Lisa standing in the door. He said, "Who the hell are you, honey?"

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Mr Knight



"He wants to know how much it would cost him to spend his two week vacation here."

times to match Jones, in 1922-24-28-29.

When it came to match, as opposed to medal play, Hagen was probably the toughest and winningest competitor golf has ever known. At his peak, when he was winning medal-play opens and match-play amateur tournaments with clock-like regularity, Jones was booked to play a hole-by-hole match with Hagen in Florida over a 36-hole distance. Hagen won by an incredible score of something like 16 up and 15 to play. It wasn't that he was such a killer, though he was plenty of that — he merely wanted to show the upstart who was boss!

Since those days, the game has been improved. Courses are better, not only better designed but equipped with better turf and better care. Clubs have improved, first with steel shafts to replace hickory, giving more whip and less warping, then with matched clubs that, in theory at least, enable the golfer to groove his swing similarly for all shots except putting — and finally, with spun-glass shafts that are a big improvement over the steel variety, in that they are weather-proof and give even more whip.

The ball itself has come a long way from the old leather object handsewn and stuffed with feathers. Early in the century, it passed through a gutta percha stage, and has since been based on just about

every conceivable sort of core, from hard-rubber to liquid mercury. It is smaller and harder than it used to be, therefore less affected by head or cross-winds, those bane of long hitters.

But whether players themselves have improved, at least at the top, seems doubtful. Given a great star, a Harry Vardon, a Jones, a Hagen or a Hogan, and it's odds-on you'll find a champion in any era. What makes a player great in any sport is that little extra competitive drive to win, the killer instinct, the sheer inability to face or accept defeat. Unquestionably, there are more fine golfers playing the year-round tournament circuit nowadays than ever before. With cash prizes higher than in the past, this is only normal, and, thanks to the increased competition, plus course and equipments improvements mentioned above, golf scores are steadily dropping. Back in Jones' heyday, the man who could consistently score even fours over 72 holes was a big winner. Nowadays, 288 wins a big tournament only in a tornado or some other so-called natural disaster. Between 15 and 20 shots have been shaved off the old standard.

What has not changed, however, is the pressure on the individual player. This remains the same, whether it sends a Jones scooting into the underbrush to be sick to his stomach or causes a Tommy Bolt to explode like an incipient volcano.

For some reason, golf is the toughest of all widely played sports in this regard. To the untutored observer, this may seem bizarre, for there is never any real danger of physical damage, as in football, boxing, baseball or other directly competitive games. Yet it is in this very lack of direct, physical competition that golf applies its relentless tension.

The golfer's real opponents are not the other players on the links — they are the course and himself. When circumstances combine against him, or when he goes a shot, he cannot lash out at his nearest competitor or, croquet-fashion, hit his ball a mile out of bounds. He must keep trying to put the vicious little pellet in that elusive hole. The result, as every golfer knows, is a special form of insanity that may lead to insulting the wife when he gets home, fouling up a business deal out of sheer spite or giving up the game forever — only to be out there again, within a day or two, trying to put his second shot over that same old water-hole.

In truth, a golfer's life is seldom a happy one. In fact, there are psychiatrists who firmly believe that it takes a good bit of a masochist to enjoy the game at all. If a man or woman doesn't enjoy suffering, why play it? Or so these experts reason. But reason and golf addiction have little in common.

For instance, why should any man, more or less in his right mind, expose himself regularly to thieves? Yes, along with champions, duffers and medium-handicap players, golf is a game of larceny. From the bogey player who kicks his ball out of a sand-trap footprint when he believes his opponent is not looking, to the big operator who leads a sucker on to a tremendous killing by faking bad golf, the game is fraught with danger for the unwary.

Not long ago, a series of newspaper and magazine articles exposed a frightening situation in a number of our more prosperous and supposedly exclusive golf and country clubs. Men cut to the stripe of the unlamented Titanic Thompson, who preferred mopping up through chicanery in "friendly" matches to using his undoubted great talents toward legitimate tournament wins, were fleecing fellow members with organized intent, using every device from the Nassau and Calcutta to the fake high handicap to relieve the trusting of their dollars.

Yet, so unlikely a game is golf in its effect on human reason that on



"Well, hurry up and find them . . . here comes my husband!"

mulcted member was heard to mutter, after the crooks had been summarily booted out of his club, "Somebody's always trying to take the joy out of life. Sure, I knew they were crooks . . . I'm not an imbecile. But, just once, I'd like to have had the chance to trim them at their own game. I'm using a new grip on my long irons now that . . ."

And so on. You get a golf nut, and you've got a real nut. Nor does such frustration stop short with the duffer or average player. Once, as a 17-year-old veteran, Bobby Jones found himself paired with the great Harry Vardon in a National Open. This was a big thing for Jones, who idolized the mighty Britisher and had yet to put away his first national title.

On the first 18, Jones managed to tie the old master with a 76. Vardon, who had acknowledged meeting his partner on the first tee, said nothing, as he had all through the round. Then, on the seventh hole of the second round, Bobby topped a simple little approach shot, and the ball skittered into a trap in front of the green. Embarrassed and anxious to break through the Scotsman's reserve, Jones said eagerly, en route to tee Number Eight, "Mr. Vardon, did you ever see a worse shot than mine back there on the last hole?"

"No," replied Vardon, and that was that.

Jones didn't always muff shots by accident, however. Some years later, while he was at the peak of his powers, Bobby was about to hit his second shot on a hole at Interlachen in the 1930 Open over a water hazard to the green, when a pair of moppets gamboled onto the fairway in the prospective path of his ball.

Jones, who lived in holy fear of killing or injuring a spectator with a ball off the face of his club, did a fantastic thing. He managed deliberately to smother the shot so that it missed the girls, smacked into the water some 50 feet away and skipped safely across the hazard. The gallery was amazed, not understanding what had happened. But Walter Hagen, who was paired with Jones, explained, "Bobby didn't top that shot. He gave the ball overspin and half-smothered it. When you hit it like that, hitting water is like hitting concrete."

In spite of partially wasting the shot, Jones went on to win the tournament, thus putting himself on the first leg of his unequalled Grand Slam. But gallery members have been hurt by less aware, adroit or

more ruthless players, for when a golf-ball is hard hit, it resembles a miniature cannonball far more than an implement of sport.

For all of the incidental cheating and thievery that has always been associated with the game, golf has been the reason for some of the most genuine sporting gestures known to any sort of human competition. In 1923, when England's Roger Wethered moved backward while lining up his putt on the final green, he grazed his ball with a heel. No one else among the gallery and officials present noticed it, nor did Max Marston, Wethered's co-finalist. Yet Wethered insisted on invoking the penalty against himself, thereby losing the hole, the match and the title.

Yet, golf competition is so tough for those engaged in big-time play that Jones' first reaction, after mopping up the four major titles in 1930, was to set up his retirement with a fervent, "Now, I can take an eleven on any hole I want to."

Yet, perhaps the hardest fought, bitterest set of matches ever engaged in by two top-flight golfers occurred in 1922-23 between Hagen and Sarazen. At that time Hagen held the British Open Championship, and was rated the finest veteran pro around. Sarazen, the chunky little Italian ex-caddy from the Nutmeg State, had come blazing out of golf-nowhere to trim The Haig, as he was called, by taking

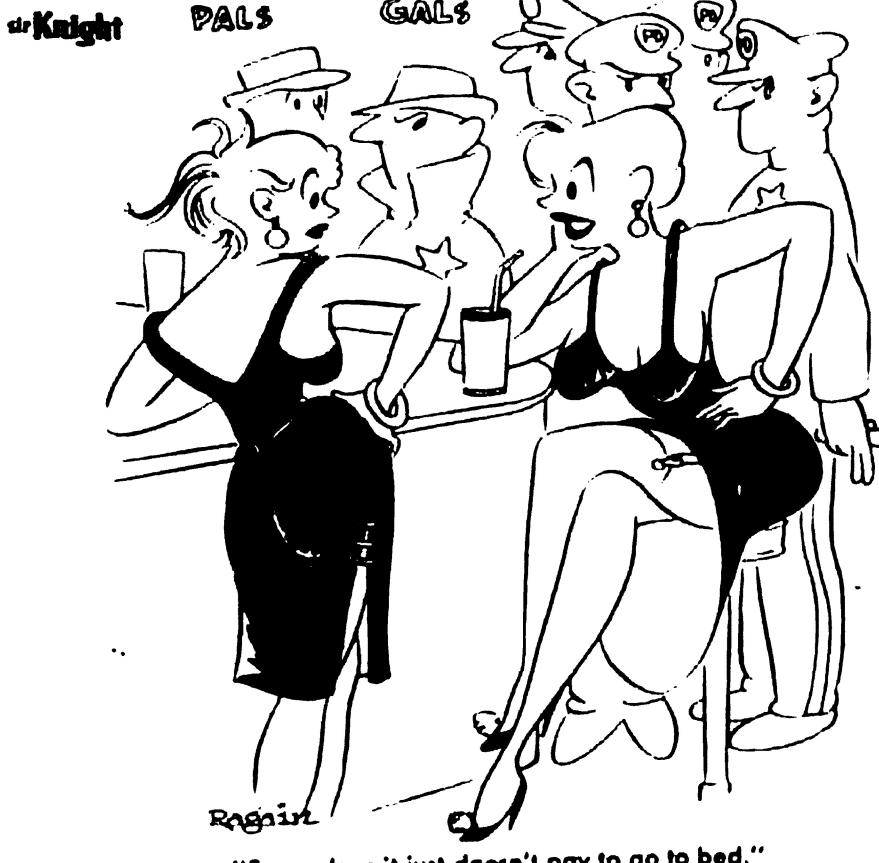
both the American Open and P.G.A. titles. A match between them for the so-called world's championship seemed a natural thing. It was promoted by camp followers of the two great golfers, to be played at 72 holes, half of them at Pittsburgh's Oakmont on October 6th, the second 36 a day later at the Westchester-Biltmore in Rye, New York. A \$3,000 purse was put up, the winner to take two-thirds of it.

Sarazen emerged from the Oakmont test with a 2-hole lead, after being 4-down at an earlier stage. The morning of the Oakmont wind-up, he donned a bright orange tie sent him by a mysterious "Follies girl" admirer, who said she wished to remain anonymous, but wanted him to wear it to beat Hagen. After the morning 18, Hagen had picked up a hole, to be only one-down, and a bothersome rain had caused the orange dye in Sarazen's lucky tie to run all over his shirt in a spectacular display.

At lunch, Sarazen began to feel sick to his stomach and paced the committee-room floor. Hagen, a great rib-artist, chuckled and said, "That's a mighty handsome tie you're wearing. Where'd you get it?" Sarazen explained that it came from a friend, at which The Haig said, "Only a friend? I thought I wrote it came from a Follies girl who wanted you to beat me."

If anything, Sarazen felt sicker

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"Some days it just doesn't pay to go to bed."

yet at having fallen for such a gag. But despite his suffering, he managed, by shooting the final seven holes in two under 4's, including an eagle 3, to close out a 3-2 win on the 17th green. That night, he went under the knife for an emergency appendectomy.

The next time these two titans met in single combat was in the final round of the 1923 P.G.A. Championship, after both had suffered relatively poor seasons—which meant both men were out for blood, or rather the title. The locale was the Pelham course, in Westchester, and the match had all the elements of a grudge battle.

Sarazen, having been once bitten by The Haig's ribbing, was exceedingly wary of falling for any further japea. Hagen, while he would never deliberately mislead an opponent in words, never hesitated to use pantomime to mislead a victim should the occasion offer. If familiar with a course where his opponent was not, he was known more than once to finger the wrong club while waiting for his rival to drive, thus causing the sucker to overclub or underclub himself and lose the hole.

When pressed by a younger rival, The Haig had a trick of smothering the victim with invincible good-fellowship until the poor chap was completely rattled. Or he'd suggest,

if behind, "After you win this one, we'll take a tour together." Since a tour with Hagen in those days meant plenty of happy cabbage in the old argyle, by the time the innocent had ceased day-dreaming over the prospect, he was apt to be four down and lying in a sandtrap with no chance of making the green.

Sarazen was doubly wary, and doubly determined, because Hagen had evened up the match-score between them in a 56-hole special contest in Florida the preceding winter, a contest the veteran had won over three different Florida courses.

But Hagen wasn't playing the playboy this day — the chips were really down, and he was gunning for blood. On the sixth hole, when Sarazen's ball had landed amid some leaves, The Haig tried to kick up a fuss about a rule-violation, more to rattle the young Connecticut golfer than because he hoped to gain anything by it. But Sarazen didn't rattle, though he wobbled briefly, and the two dead-game contestants reached the 34th tee with chunky Gene 2-up.

Here, Hagen began all-out gunning for one of his patented garrison finishes, winning the 34th hole and apparently dropping the 35th when his second shot on the par-5 hole went out of bounds. As Sarazen remembers vividly, he thought he had the match won right there.

But the imperturbable Haig merely dropped another ball without wincing and blasted a long bramie-shot 20 feet from the pin. Gene's approach was too cautious, and Walter holed his putt for a birdie 4. Then Gene's putt refused to go down, and the match was all even with one hole to go.

This time, Hagen laid Sarazen a dead stymie on the green, forcing the still-tied battle into extra holes. The 37th was halved in par, and then, on the 38th, a dogleg par-4 around a clump of trees, Hagen, who had the honor, elected to play a conservative drive. Figuring it was then or never, Sarazen tried to gun his drive over the trees, but hooked it, apparently into some woods.

However, the ball hit the roof of a small house and ricocheted out of the woods into a bad, but not unplayable lie in the rough. Still away. Sarazen made a recovery to within two feet of the hole. Visibly shaken by such wizardry, long accounted his own specialty. The Haig fluffed his approached, missed a daring recovery by inches and thus lost the title.

Yet, such a competitor was Hagen that, for years after this defeat, he would say to Sarazen in dead earnest, "You know, an awful lot of Italians live in the neighborhood of that house in the trees, Gene. It wouldn't surprise me a bit if one of them found your ball and threw it out of the woods."

In fact, the competition between these two giants of the links was so keen and all-embracing that it extended beyond golf into the things of ordinary living, even to sartorial splendor. Sarazen still likes to chuckle over an event that happened when he was Playing The Haig in Florida, a day or two after a local newspaper had published a flamboyant illustrated Sunday spread about his wardrobe.

A pair of gorgeous young things came cantering down a neighboring bridle path and paused to watch the experts play their shots. Said one of them, in a soft voice that carried louder than a shout, "The taller one must be Sarazen. The small one must be Hagen . . . he's so beautifully dressed!"

Since Hagen was a number of inches taller than the little Connecticut Yankee, that one hurt almost as much as the times Sarazen took him at golf. Almost, but not quite — After all, fine clothes filled his trunks, but fine golf filled his pocketbook!



"Happy Birthday, Mr. Wentworth!"

her back to the d'Angleterre, where, thanks to the low price of living in Denmark, I had blown myself to a room that would have fitted, with not much to spare, into the waiting room of Grand Central Station, back home.

It was crazy, but I needn't have knocked myself out. When I finally gathered enough nerve to put it to her, she merely gave me a long, thoughtful look through those amazing light, light blue eyes, then reached for her handbag on the bar and said, "Yea, I was hoping you'd invite me." All very take-it-for-granted and matter-of-fact . . .

When we got to my Grand Central Station room, Martine looked about her for a moment or two, then said, "You know, Don, this hotel is more than two hundred years old."

"I know," I said, edging closer to her.

"What stories these walls could tell!" she said, flinching back her arms.

"It seems to be up to us to write a fresh chapter tonight," I told her and moved in. When I ensolded her, it was perfect — our bodies seemed to have been custom built for each other. In less than one second, as her arms went around me and her passion-flower of a mouth caught and came alive against mine, I knew her aura of sex was the real thing. We grappled like a couple of hungry wrestlers as we worked deftly, removing each other's clothing, until we stood nude and trembling in the soft light — and we weren't trembling from cold or fear, but from desire.

We stood there, no more than a foot apart, and her eyes held mine as if bound by some burning, invisible cord. She was the most beautiful body, the most beautiful face, the most beautiful woman I had ever so beheld — and, believe me, I have held and beheld more than my share in my years of knocking around.

Then, without a word, we came together, and the effect of her flesh against mine was galvanic. There was such a variety of things I wanted to do with her that I almost didn't know how to begin — but somehow, we both got started, and then the great, soft bed swallowed us whole . . .

When I woke up, she was gone, and I didn't need a look at my watch to tell me it was around noon. The angle of sunlight, striping the carpet, told me what time it was. I felt unreasonably resentful. Martine's last murmured words had

been about added pleasures when we woke up. Just in case, I looked in the bathroom. The shower curtain and one towel were damp, not wet as they would have been from recent usage.

I went back and looked at my clothing. Last night, I had just let it fall to the floor, as Martine removed it, piece by piece. Now, it lay neatly folded on one of the brocaded chairs. With a leap, I plucked up the trousers and checked the pockets. My money was there, as were the traveler's checks and passport in my jacket pocket. My keys were there — but the package Fred Benson had slipped me in the Adlon was gone!

My little charmer had clipped me out of fifteen gees. I have always been willing to pay the freight, when such payment was necessary — but fifteen gees was way out of my league. I began to think about Seychelles, and I tried to visualize the girl there, but all I could visualize was a panting, clutching, thrusting Martine, trapped with me in the throes of passion. I amused myself for a bit by mentally dissecting that lovely body, bit by bit — alive! But, somehow, it always reassembled itself.

I was going to have to find Martine — if that was her real name, which I doubted — if I had to comb Denmark with a cat's flea comb. I took a long cold shower, to get my scattered wits together, then put on some fresh clothes and went downstairs, through the immense lobby, with enough waste space to give a modern American hotel man the permanent jitters, to the bar. I ordered a cherry heering and tried to

remember the bits of last night that weren't wholly animal, seeking a clue.

It was a crazy deal I was on — and it looked, just then, as if was was the proper word. I'd been tagging after Fred Benson, on a tip that he was planning to pick up a valuable or two and try to slip it through U.S. Customs. It wasn't the first time for Benson, even though he hadn't been caught at it, and the Bureau was laying for him.

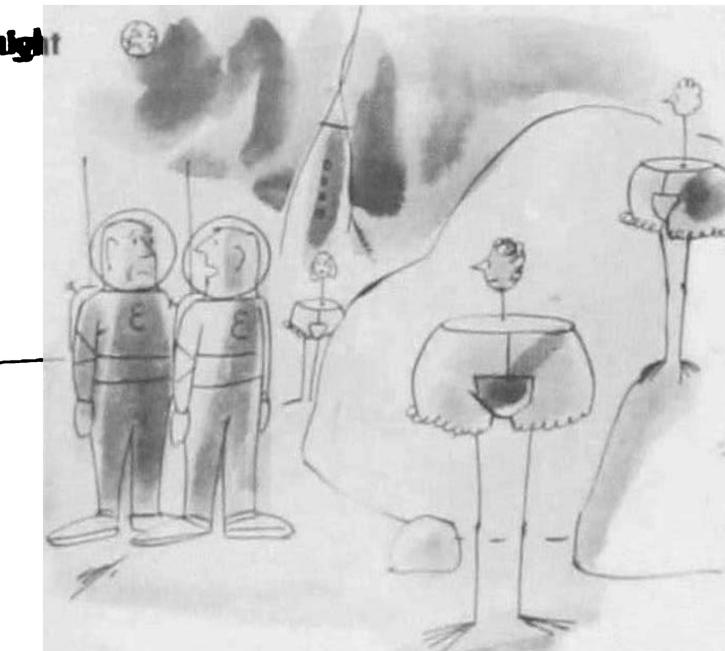
As another playboy expatriate, I'd been kicking around Europe, picking up what I could, ever since I got out of Korea and the Air Force. Sure, I like America, but I wanted to see something else besides Korea, Japan and Route #66 before I hung up my passport for good. My pension — I caught a hunk of flak right where I sit down flying a mission over Pyongyang — went a hell of a lot further in Europe, and now and then a deal would turn up. So I was a natural for a Customs spotter. I'd already made some nice change by passing along word of intended smuggling by Americans in Paris and Rome to Bureau guys like Jim Henry. Since nobody much knew about my sideline, I was a natural to handle Benson for the boys. At least, they had thought so, and so had I.

Now I, for one, wasn't so sure. Man, that adorable little hunk had made a cube out of me! But letting my conscience ride roughshod over me wasn't getting that goddam Leukens diamond back.

The sale had been made under cover, between Benson and the Amsterdam lawyer who represented

— turn to page 46

Mr. Knight



"What do you think, Al?"

the Leukens family — which had been pretty well wiped out by the Nazis during the war. Then Benson had moved on the Copenhagen, where I had picked him up, right on schedule. The big search would be over. I figured, by this time, again on schedule if without result. The only things out of order were Benson's handing the hot stone to me and my letting Martine get away with it.

Mentally, I kissed my sweet little job as a spotter farewell. And I began to wonder what I was going to tell Benson at 4 o'clock. That drove all constructive thinking out of my alleged brain, and I finished my drink and went outside for a walk. My little blue sports job was in the hotel garage, but I wanted my feet on the ground for a bit.

I spotted the Citroen creeping alongside me on the pavement, before I'd gone a couple of blocks. I turned into an alley and the sedan took the turn with me. I got in, and Jim Henry, behind the wheel, said, "You took your sweet time getting up. Don. Big night?"

I just grunted. On this job, unless I called for help, a street pickup was the only way the Bureau could contact me — what with hotel phone service being the leaky sieve it is, and Benson having all those sympathetic fans. After a moment or two, I said, "Search all finished?"

"Just got a report before you showed," he said, nodding toward the phone clamped under the dashboard of the French car.

"And . . . ?" I asked, as if I didn't already know the answer.

"Zero," he said. "Zero, zero."

Then, "What was Benson pounding your ear about at the Adlon last night?"

I improvised, keeping my mental fingers crossed he hadn't seen Fred pass the package to me. "He was worried about customs spies," I said. "Also about a birthday present for Cora this afternoon."

"Cora's birthday falls in January," said Jim, frowning. "He was ribbing you."

"He's supposed to be funny," I said, keeping a straight face. I didn't feel like laughing just then anyway.

"Something else," he said. "Benson may not have legal right to the Leukens diamond. Something about the real heiress coming of age before the sale was made by the lawyer in Amsterdam last week."

"So . . . ?" I said, beginning to see a faint chink of light.

"So this kid's burning. She lives somewhere near Elsinore. The word's around she's starting a criminal suit."

"No fooling," I said. "All Benson wants is publicity about buying that stone."

"He is sweating blood," was the reply. "He got it for about a third the real value. Seems the lawyer, or his principal, wanted cash . . . American dollars. Benson knew a good thing when he saw it."

"What's the real heir's name . . . the heiress, I mean?" I asked.

"Leukens," Jim told me. "Marja Tina Leukens . . . it's on the teletype in Paris. Seems the Netherlands branch of the family sort of forgot about her. Well, you can kiss your commission good bye on this deal. Not even Benson will dare

try to slip it through . . . if he's allowed to keep it. Shoot us a bill for your expenses when you get back to France. Sorry, Don, but that's the way this cookie crumbled. And don't bill us for that dish who picked you up at the Adlon last night. Some things, a guy shouldn't mind paying for."

"Depends on how much," I said. "Okay, Jim, that's that, I guess. A pity. I'd have liked to hear old Benson cry murder when the Bureau soaked him."

"Yeah, for the cut you'd have drawn," was the reply. "Want I should drive you back to the hotel? You look a bit shaky."

"No thanks," I said. "I'll walk it."

I was out fifteen gees, but I couldn't help smiling to myself as I hot-footed it back to the d'Angleterre. Seychelles was out, of course, for the time being, but at least I knew part of the score. Martine — Marja Tina — they had to be the same. At least the sweet little minx had given me all the value she could at the time, for what she got. But fifteen grand worth? That was a hell of a lot of happy cabbage.

When I got back to the caravan-serai, I corralled Polano, the hall porter, a hell of a fine Joe in my opinion. I slipped him an honest fin and asked a couple of questions. He looked surprised and said, "Why not ask the desk? Miss Leukens is a guest of the hotel. Her rooms are on the same floor as yours."

"Is she in?" I asked, trying not to look as stupid as I felt.

"I don't think so," he replied. "She left word she's dining with Socrates Vassilenos and his wife. They sent a limousine for her this morning . . . a Daimler at least a half-kilometer long."

By this time, I knew I was more than half a kilometer over my depth, but I wasn't through yet — not with the memories rolling around in my cerebrum. If Martine, or Marja Tina, or whatever her name was, had been merely trading in flesh with me, I wanted more. Maybe not at fifteen grand a throw, but as high as I could go. Besides, I couldn't help hoping there was more than a mere diamond involved, even a \$250,000 diamond.

Socrates Vassilenos was big time — the biggest — on a par with Onassis and the other Greek ship-owners. Only his trick wasn't ships, it was airplanes and the fuel to fly them. I thought about Fred Benson and his measly \$750,000 a year before taxes and felt the contempt for them that only a guy with nothing



a year can feel for such sums. Fred Benson could go straight to hell.

Since I'm supposed to be sort of a guy-around-Europe, I know a few people outside of U.S. Customs undercover men. By 6 o'clock, I had a half dozen drinks under my belt and information that Vassilenos and his party had a table reserved at the Au Coz d'Or, on Hans Christian Andersen Boulevard, Number 13. Au Coz d'Or is Copenhagen's and one of the world's best restaurants. I was still trying to figure the smartest way to crash the party when I got back to the hotel.

There, the clerk informed me with an impressed look, that Mr. Fred Benson had been ringing me up all afternoon and was exceedingly anxious to talk to me. "He left word he and Mrs. Benson are dining Au Coz d'Or," the character told me proudly.

"Okay," I said, grinning openly for once, "if he calls again, tell him I'll see him there."

Then I went upstairs and took another bath and shaved and got into what passes for a summer dinner jacket. I was half dressed when it occurred to me Benson and his wife might be part of the Vassilenos party. But I shrugged this off as highly unlikely.

Au Coz d'Or, decor-wise, is simplicity itself — sort of country Danish. It's a place that relies on absolutely top-flight food and wine and slick service to keep itself up there. I stopped to chat with Werner Christiansen, the manager, and learned that both parties were already there. I went on in and looked around.

The two big parties, Vassilenos' and the one for whoever was picking up the Bensons' tab, were on opposite sides of the room. I saw Benson toying with his food, as unhappy as if he were paying for it himself. Then I looked over at the other large group, and my heart stopped twice — once, when I saw the immense stone that glittered at the throat of Vassilenos' gorgeous Rumanian wife, a second time when I saw Martine, Marja Tina, or whatever, looking like an angel in a strapless black moire gown with shoulder-length black moire gloves.

She looked right at me, and I saw her expression change — and then she had laid her napkin on the tablecloth and was excusing herself to her hostess. She came directly to me, and laid her gloved hands on my sleeve. She said, "I am glad to see you, darling. We have much to discuss . . . later. Please don't feel badly toward me until I have ex-

plained."

"I don't," I replied — how could I, with those light, light blue eyes on mine again? "But I was plenty burned up this noon, Marja Tina. I see you disposed of the diamond."

"Oh . . . !" I don't know what kind of a quarter-wit she'd thought I was, but my knowledge surprised her. "You know who I am?"

"Sure," I told her, "but you don't know who I am."

"But I do," she replied. "You are a former flyer who does some work for your country's Customs . . . right?"

"Who told you?" I asked.

She laughed and made a face. "Vassilenos," she replied. "Don't worry. I won't talk, and he never does. He knows everything."

"At least," I said, "you cared enough to ask."

"So did you," she reminded me, her lips softening. Then, gripping my arm tightly, "I told you I wanted to see you later. I owe you a commission, I think."

"You owe me nothing," I told her.

"That," she said, "is for me to decide. And I . . ." She broke off as Fred Benson came lowering up to us, wearing a scowl like a Pennsylvania coal mine, bottom level.

He said, "Farley, I told you four o'clock. What happened?"

"This happened," I said, turning him toward Marja Tina.

"But my package!" he bleated. "The package you promised to return to me. Where is it?"

"I don't know where the package is at the moment, precisely," I told him, "but I believe Madame Vassilenos is wearing its contents on

her throat."

He looked, and his eyes bulged. Then, turning back toward me, he thundered, "You cheap crook, Farley. I'll have you in jail for this, if it's the last thing I do. That diamond belongs to me!"

"I think no," Marja Tina said sweetly.

"Who the hell are you?" Benson asked, about as funny as a gored rhinoceros.

She told him, and the great comic wilted. His roar became a whine as he said, "But I paid for it in good faith, Miss Leukens. I didn't know . . ."

"Ignorance," I said loftily, "is no excuse, Benson."

"But what am I to do?" the star asked Marja Tina pitifully.

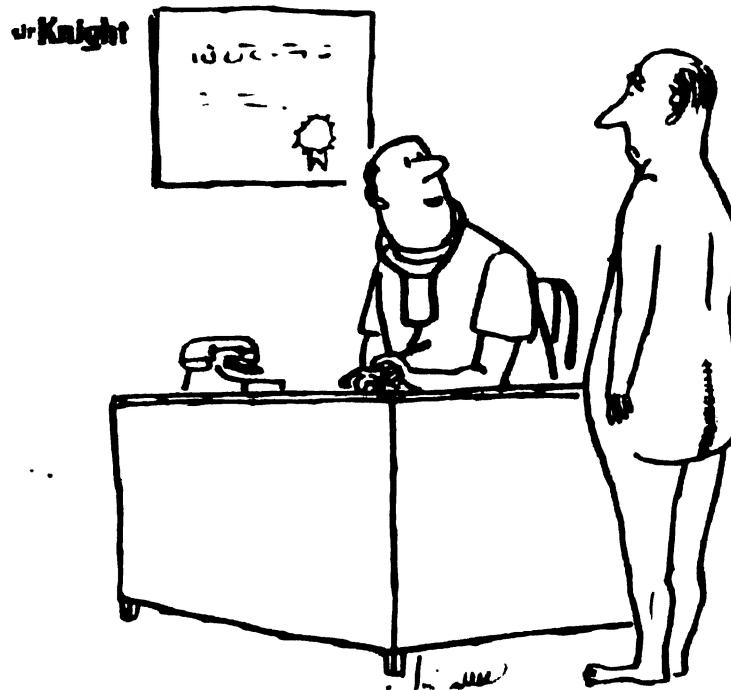
"You might," she said thoughtfully, try suing my uncle in Amsterdam. I believe you have grounds." Then, turning to me, "Darling, in an hour. Have you a car?"

"I have," I told her.

"Good!" she said in her adorable, near-perfect English. "Then we go somewhere . . . together." She left us, her perfume lingering behind her.

"Yeah?" said Benson. "You better stay out of Hollywood, Farley. And I'm not just whistling Dixie."

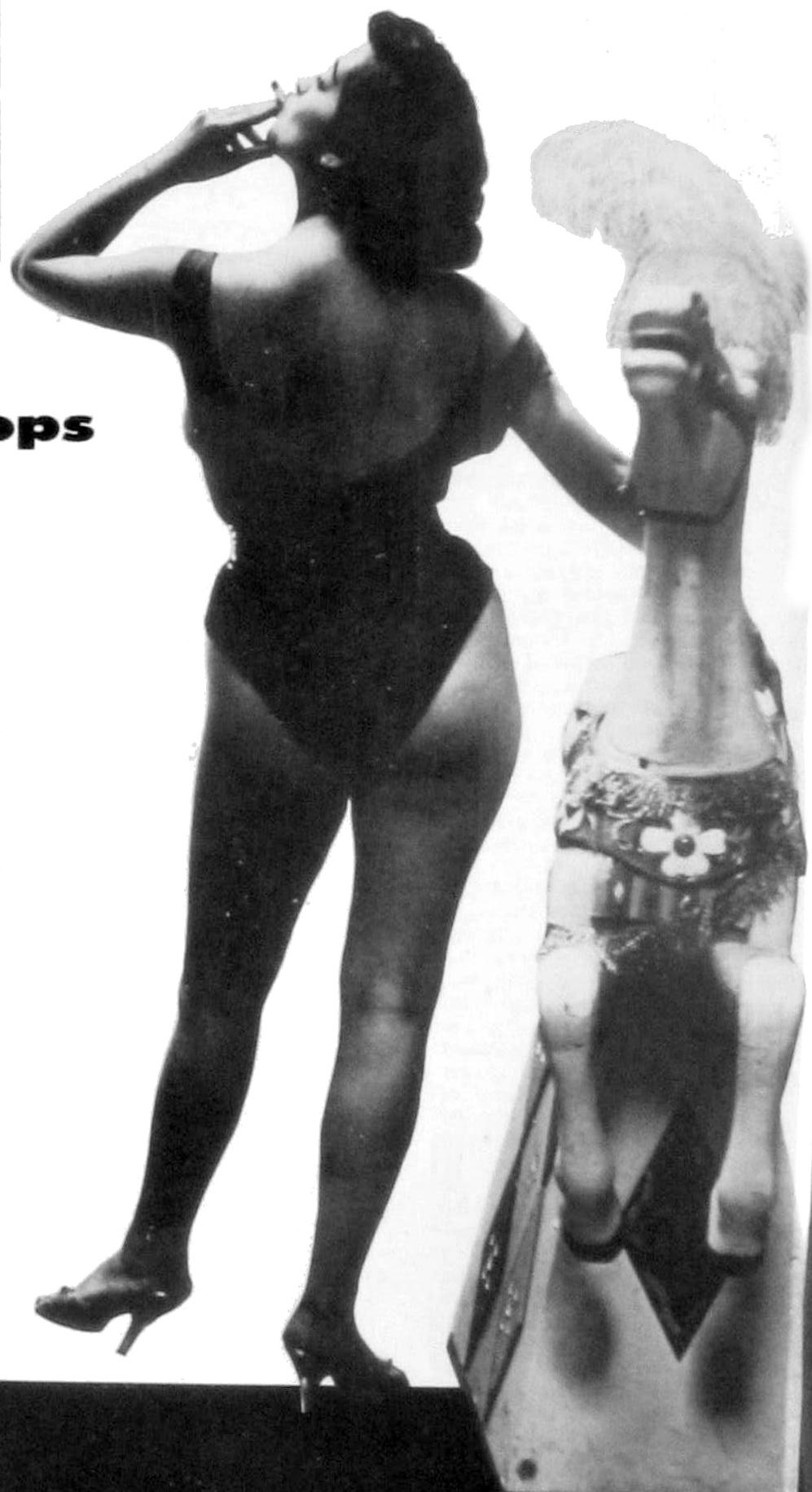
I didn't care if he was whistling the Sextet from Lucia — for that matter, I still don't, though I have managed to keep out of Hollywood. Besides, who needs Hollywood? I've still got a lot of gecs to unravel with Marja Tina before I begin thinking about where the next one is coming from.



"I'll bet you can't wait to get those stitches out . . . ?"



**model
meets props**



In a Hollywood prop house, at night, after the noise and bustle of the workaday world are gone from the massive storeroom of make-believe, there still lurk the people and places, things and costumes that need only the catalyst of the believing mind to bring them to eerie, frightening life. On just such a night, photographer Ron Vogel turned model Marsha Marshall loose in this world of endless fantasy in which she became at will all the theatrical characters that fill the mind of the budding actress—from lonely little charwoman to grand courtesan of a pagan temple.



Marsha Marshall loses herself in a wonderful world of infinite make-believe.



The night was make believe, but the girl quite lush and real.



All around her, Marsha found things to tempt and delight her—from hobby horses to a bust of an ancient Roman, not too ancient to show the delight he felt at the lush, abandoned capering of this modern day temptress. Even the horse seems ready to fly off with her, seeking new worlds to conquer.





Knight's Gambit

KISS ME, YOU FOOL!

Dear lady, be wary of Cupid,
And heed well the lines of this
verse.
To let a fool kiss you is stupid,
To let a kiss fool you is worse!

• • •

OOH, LA-LA!

A lassie attending Bryn Mawr
Committed a dreadful *faux-pas*.
She loosened a stay
In her decollete,
Exposing her *je-ne-sais-quoix*!

• • •

PIMENTO?

Undoubtedly, you have heard the
one about the girl who was so
darned skinny that when she swal-
lowed an olive three men left town.

dr Knight



"Oh, go to Hell!"

CUH-RAZY

A skunk, a deer and a giraffe walked into this barroom and ordered three vodka Tom Collins. After they drank them, the animals moved toward the door without paying for the libations, and the bartender hailed them for it.

"Sorry," said the skunk. "I have only a scent with me."

"I can't pay today," said the deer. "I had a buck last week, and I'm expecting a little dough."

"Okay," said the giraffe. "I guess the high-balls are on me."



EXORBITANT!

A wealthy and hard-working Akron executive was advised by his doctor that he sorely needed rest and exercise, so he flew to Miami after engaging rooms at the fabulously luxurious Mountainblow Hotel. He selected the Mountainblow because it offered not only extreme comfort but had a fine golf course adjoining.

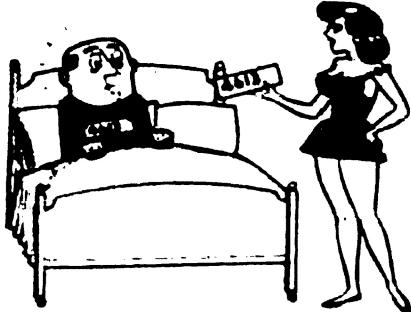
When he registered, however, the businessman was horrified at the \$75-per-day rate, meals not included. "See here," he told the clerk, "I came down here to play golf—and I'm not paying \$75 just to live next door to a course. I'm canceling out right now. I'll move to a motel and play at a public links."

This he managed, obtaining a room quite reasonably. Reporting to the course professional the next morning for a lesson, he was given equipment and told to tee up and start driving. Like the majority of poor players, he could not control the flight of the ball and hit most of his drives into a lagoon adjoining the practice range. When his 45 minutes was up, he asked the pro how much he owed.

"Let's see," said the expert. "You hit 22 balls into the lagoon. At \$25 a ball, that means you owe \$550 dollars. Then, for the time and teaching, you owe—"

"Twenty-five bucks a ball!" screamed the executive. "At the Mountainblow, I can have a suite and play golf, too, for only \$75 a day."

"Exactly," said the pro, smiling. "At the Mountainblow, they get you by the rooms!"



DRAW OR STUD?

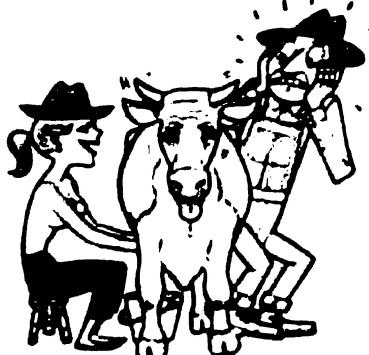
The politically aspiring young District Attorney was determined to make a name that would abet his desire for advancement in office, so he decided to launch his own independent investigation to make his name familiar to future voters via the usual press, radio and television channels.

After looking over the field, the subject he selected for his field work was one other official investigators had overlooked locally—namely, the much-rumored sexual immorality of the very young-marrieds in the community. By pulling a few judicious strings, our crusading hero managed to arrange an invitation to a weekend house party on the outskirts of town in a secluded, suburban area.

Although he had carefully disguised himself to avoid recognition, the D.A. suspected his mask must have been penetrated, since nothing at all happened the first night that could not have happened in the most respectable household. Hence, after turning in early, he was surprised to be roused out of slumber by a rap on his bedroom door.

Opening it, he found himself confronted by one of the sweater young members of the party, who was clad only in the sheerest of "shortie" nightgowns. Trying to appear nonchalant, our hero said, "Do you want me?"

"Good heavens, no!" was her reply. "I DREW you!"



KI-YIIIEEE!

CITY GIRL: Aren't you surprised to find me out here in the barn milking this cow?

PARM BOY: Not half as surprised as that bull you're milking!

SNORKLE

The gallant young Air Force Captain moved to a sunny beach-resort to enjoy his 10-day leave. His first morning on the battle front, he donned brief swim trunks and ambled out onto the sand. Shrewd navigation brought him in for a landing alongside a curvaceous and very comely miss who was evidently also on the prowl. Since there was a shortage of attractive males at the resort, she shortly took the aggressive.

"Do you have anything planned for this evening?" she asked, slithering closer to him.

"Nothing as yet," he told her.

"Then why not come to my cottage for some drinks and hi-fi?" she suggested. "We'll be alone there."

"Sounds terrific," said the AFicer.

"As soon as we're comfortable," she went on, resting her cheek against his bare thigh and looking dreamily up at him. "I'll drift into the bedroom and put on a sheer silk negligee I've been saving for a night like this, and then I'll —"

"Great!" he said hurriedly. "But let's get in the water, honey. Do you want the whole beach to know what we're talking about?"



MIXED UP KID

Not long ago, a prominent attorney was sitting in his office when an almost absurdly beautiful young creature was announced and walked in. Without wasting any time in preliminaries, she announced that she wanted a divorce.

"May I ask on what grounds?" the attorney inquired.

"I don't believe my husband is faithful to me," she replied.

"What gives you cause for such suspicion?" asked the legal eagle.

"Well," replied the beautiful young thing, "I don't believe that he's the father of my child."

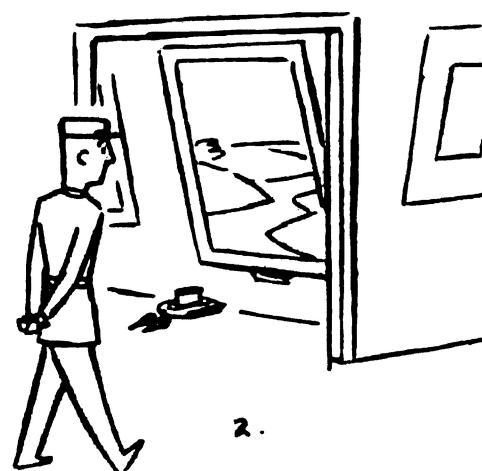
• • •

PROSIT!

There was a young lady of Munich,
Whose appetite truly was unich.

"There is nothing like food!"

She contentedly cooed,
As she let out the pleats in her tunich.



Kings

Mr. Saxe's Remarkable Horn

by Leo Stone

To set a sweet, slow, sensuous mood, nothing beats this instrument of sex

IT WAS BACK around 1840 when a Belgian with musical interests by the name of Saxe invented the uncoiled tuba that bears his name. The instrument was used sparingly in symphonic works and military bands during the nineteenth century, and Saxe died without having the slightest inkling that his saxophone was going to become the most sex-evocative musical device ever conceived by man.

Until the development of the American dance band during and after World War One, the violin, with its velvety tone, its great facility and range, was the great instrument of romance — hitting its sex-high with the famed Viennese waltzes of Johann Strauss and maintaining its place with the lesser three-beat composers that followed. According to a famous latter-day waltz, "... many's the heart that is broken, after the ball." Also broken were a great many promises to mother as young women swooned seductively in their lovers' arm, elevated to a romantic Cloud Eleven by the dreamy sensuousity of the fiddle.

Meanwhile, jazz, real and so-called, was leaping out of ragtime in America. These first jazz-bands were definitely unsensual affairs. They were composed mostly of brass and percussion instruments, with the clarinet as the only reed worthy of mention, and their music consisted of stomps, blues and little else. Any lovers who listened to a jazz band with romance in mind quickly had it knocked out of head and reverie alike by such tasty items as "Livery Stable Blues", "Tiger Rag" or "I've Got Those Mad About Him, Sad About Him, How Can I Feel Glad Without Him Blues".



Despite the uproar of press and pulpit here and abroad about the corrupting influence of such wild music upon the taste and morality of the young, jazz, like its successors, swing and rock and roll, was really a substitute for sex, a harmless outlet for explosive young energies, rather than a gate to mass seduction.

However, it was in the popularization of the rather limited-appeal pure jazz that Mr. Saxe's now-famous horn came into its own as a spur to amour. The harsh cacophonies of early jazz had to be softened, if the new popular music was to be accepted at large. The perfect soft-pedal proved to be right at hand in the saxophone, since the violin, outside of the talented hands of Joe Venuti and a very few other composite masters, proved to be too thin, too minus authority, for the dance music of the Twenties.

So the saxophones moved in and Tin Pan Alley tunesmiths warped the themes of jazz to slower beats and straitjacket arrangements, making the music danceable and eliminating the improvised choruses that were so much a part of the real new music. Since few people had heard real jazz, and fewer still had the ear to understand it, the wailing saxophone became the popular symbol of the music it had debased and popularized. Rudy Vallee, Fred Waring and Guy Lombardo emerged from the welter of dance-bands with slow, dreamy, sweet-sounding beats that provided the real music to which America has danced ever since.

Plenty of kids showed off with the Philly and Lindy Hop — as, more recently, they shagged, jitterbugged, boogie-woogied and rocked and rolled — but it is hard to get

romantic, or even just plain sexy, while engaging in such athletic performances.

It was the laggardly "dreamy" waltz, the slow foxtrot under soft lights, that sent couples soft-lipped to rumble seat or sofa, with the light of aroused passion in their eyes. It was the sweet softness of Mr. Saxe's sex-invention that slackened the reins of post-Victorian moral rigidity among the young, even while our viewers with alarm were screaming their lungs out against jazz — as they currently shout hoarse warnings against rock and roll and calypso music. Apparently, viewers with alarm never will learn.

The endurance of such bands as Fred Waring's and Guy Lombardo's, along with the emergence of sax-and-violin leader Lawrence Welk to sunburst success, tells the story clearly. The first Waring success came around 1922, that of Lombardo four years later, and Welk has been making good money with his sweet, slow style for more than twenty years.

Meanwhile, various more or less true jazz phases have come and gone, leaving scarcely a ripple behind them save in watered down arrangements for the sugary dance-bands. The swing upsurge of the late 1930's and early 40's was merely an effort to combine the two schools — by adding plenty of saxes to the jazz-band nuclei and forcing them to stick to regular arrangements. Great orchestras, like those of Benny Goodman, the Dorseys, Glenn Miller, Glen Gray, Woody Herman and countless others, have beaten in vain against the direct, unsophisticated appeal to the senses offered by men like Lombardo.

The violin, of course, is still with us, in Lawrence Welk's so-called "champagne music" and in the far more ancient country dance stuff on which the amazingly tough and popular, if unmusical, hillbilly jigs are based. And a gargling, honking, bad-jazz version of the tenor saxophone plays a prominent part in most rock and roll creations. But these have little to do with the mainstream of sweet, slow, sensual dance music to which kids today, like their grandparents do their wooing.

It's still the saxophone for romance — because no other instrument even fractionally as romantic has ever been invented. In short, Mr. Saxe didn't invent a saxophone — he invented a *sexophone* instead!

Fifteen minutes later, the subject of their discussion entered. Paul Bentley was a tall, lean, hornily-handsome young man with a fine dark sunburn and medium-long, disorderly black hair. His craggy features overlay a sensitivity apparent in the gentle cut of his mouth, which was in turn belied by the broad, aggressive cut of his shoulders. He wore tan gabardine slacks that needed a pressing badly, and a dark brown sports shirt, open at the neck. He moved modestly to Toni's side and said, "Hi."

"What'll you have?" Bill asked him.

Paul Bentley cast a sidelong look at the appraising attitudes of Eddy Hammond and Alyce Woodward. His voice was barely above a whisper as he replied, "I'd like a B and B, please."

Toni introduced him to Hammond and the redhead. Bentley shook hands with the columnist and muttered something about having read and liked his column for years — but he would not or could not look directly at Alyce, much less into the twin green-fires of her eyes. There was no question about those fires — the redhead had sprung vividly to life from the moment the young actor entered.

Bill was called to the other end of the bar to mix drinks for some out-of-towners, so he missed the action that preceded Alyce's move in. But he heard the clatter of her glass on the bar, plus her squeal of alarm and apology, turned in time to see Paul Bentley leap from his stool and regard with dismay the sporadic soaking of his clothes.

Snatching a napkin from one of the tables across from the bar, the redhead was on him like a cat, mopping up the damage and murmuring soft sorrow at her clumsiness. Toni Sayles watched the action from her stool like a bird paralyzed by a snake, while Eddy Hammond looked on with open amusement.

For a long, breath-catching moment, Bill thought the girl-shy young actor was going to cut and run. But he didn't, and by the time she straightened up, standing very, very close to him, Bentley was lost. The redhead said, "My goodness, Mr. Bentley, I've ruined you. Did you bring your car?"

Moving toward the action, Bill heard Paul Bentley mutter something about not having a car yet and having responded to Toni's summons by cab. Alyce put two slim, red-tipped hands on the ac-

tor's damp chest and said, "Honey, I'm going to drive you home to change. You can't be all wet if we're going out with Mr. Hammond. He's too important a man for you to miss, too."

Bentley flushed under his sun-tan as the columnist coughed into his empty egg-nog. He looked totally at a loss, turned desperately to Toni. The girl hesitated, then drew herself up like a thoroughbred and told him, "You go along with Alyce, Paul. You and Alyce can pick us up at the Crescendo."

Bill watched them leave, the curvy redhead clinging to the tall young actor's arm. He turned to Toni and Hammond and said, "Anybody want to bet they'll make the Crescendo tonight?"

There were no takers — with cause as it turned out. Eddy Hammond put the show on the road, two mornings after the drink-spilling episode, with an item in his column, naming Paul Bentley and Alyce Woodward as the hottest young twosome in town. Other columnists picked it up, and, before the week was out, the Bentley-Woodward duet was an accepted and publicized feature from Ben Pollack's to Romanoff's.

When Toni Sayles appeared at the Bar Sinister, late one evening, Bill gave her a grin and said, "Double as usual?"

"Triple," said Toni grimly. "Also, a revolver, if you have one handy."

"You want to shoot somebody?" Bill asked.

"Yes . . . myself," the girl replied. "For being the world's most colossal idiot."

"Oh-oh!" said Bill as he filled her glass. "You wanted to give your boy confidence with women. You

wanted to develop him for Uncle Mitch."

"Maybe," the girl said, eyeing her broad glass gloomily, "but not at the expense of my own confidence with men. Bill, that little redhead truckhorse ran right over me. She's had Paul shacked up with her four straight nights."

"Treatment a little too drastic, eh?"

Toni downed her powerhouse drink at a single gulp, put her glass down on the bar and said, "Bill, you wouldn't believe it. Yesterday, when Paul came into the office, he tried to goose Betty Williams, our receptionist . . . would have made it, too, if she hadn't ducked behind a filing cabinet in the nick of time. Today . . ." Her voice faded out.

"Wha' happen?" Bill asked.

"Betty didn't even duck," said Toni. She pushed her glass toward Bill and said, "Another triple."

Bill unwound the strings of his barman's apron. "Honey," he said to Toni, "you've made a couple of stops before you hit here tonight."

"No argument."

"One more, and you'll be plastered all over the landscape. My relief just came in, so I'm going to take you home myself."

The harlequin glasses were misted with tears. "Thanks, honey," she said unevenly, "but you're only doing it out of pity."

"Right!" said Bill. "Self pity. I've been wanting to make a grab for you for a long time . . . ever since you began coming into the Bar Sinister. This looks like Old Bill's night to grab . . . unless you're too much of a Goddam snob to go out with a bartender."

"Oh, Bill!" she said, beginning to weep silently.

— turn to page 56



"Come on, baby," he said, moments later, leading her from the bar as gently as a choirmaster taking his least young-girl seductress toward the organ loft. Toni followed him without a word.

Because he was genuinely fond of Toni, and because he knew she needed it badly, he made love to her as swiftly, as expertly, as completely as he knew how. Once he had felt the firm softness of her body in his arms, once he had removed the casual clothing from its curves and contours and fascinating concavities, once the hunger of her tongue had passed the double-barrier of his teeth, what had been begun as a labor of friendship ceased to be either. It quickly developed into something very like love. Toni responded to his touch, to his pressure, to the stirrings of his body as if she were born to be one with him. After a few moments of dalliance, he forgot about Paul Bentley, about Alyce Woodward, about everything else . . .

"Golly!" she gasped when it was over two hours or so later. "Golly! it sure beats baseball all hollow."

"To which I would like to add a solemn gee-whiz," said Bill.

Toni sat up and considered him, her eyes squinted charmingly from her lack of glasses, her almost-luminous coral-tipped breasts seeming to regard him with equal intensity. "You," she said, "should have an agent."

He grinned, encircled her with a powerful right arm and drew her close so that the sleek, soft satin of her pearl-glowing skin rubbed his. "That ought to be the other way around," he told her. "I ought to handle you."

"But you just did," she protested with a demure false-innocence. "I'm not kidding, darling . . . it was heaven."

"It takes two to tango," he replied and kissed her gently, gratefully.

She shuddered, as full consciousness returned to her after the lingering ecstasy of what went before. She got up and said, "Let me get us a drink. What does a bartender drink at home anyway?"

"Oh, bichloride of mercury with a dash of cyanide usually," said Bill, reaching up to ruffle her short, dark hair. "It's safer than the stuff we serve at work."

Toni grimaced charmingly and padded into Bill's kitchenette. He lit a couple of cigarettes, draped a towel around his middle and joined her, thrusting one of the smokes be-

tween her lips.

She looked at the bottle of scotch she was holding and said, "Old Rarity! You really do yourself well."

"Only the best for Wilson," he replied with a smile. Then, growing more serious, "And that includes you, Toni."

She leaned back against him, flashed him a quick, long-lashed look up over her shoulder. "Thanks, honey," she said. "If I'm not putting a whole harem out of work, and the idea doesn't scare you too much, I think I'd like to be your girl."

"You can stop thinking and start being right now," he told her, taking the glass she offered him. They toasted one another silently and drank, then carried their drinks to the living room of Bill's pleasant, modern apartment, overlooking the brightly-lit ribbon of Restaurant Row on La Cienega. Innocent of clothing as a new-born baby, but a lot more interesting as far as Bill was concerned, Toni looked charming as she curled up at one end of his sofa.

Bill said, because it had to be said, "Toni, what about Paul Bentley? You had him pretty bad, didn't you?"

Toni blushed prettily, from the soles of her feet to the roots of her scalp. She said, "That was a long time ago . . . B.W."

"What's B.W.?" he inquired.

"Before Wilson," she said, flinging herself at him headlong upon the sofa and reaching up a soft white arm to pull his face down for her kiss . . .

Two nights later, Toni was sitting at the bar, waiting for Bill to finish, when Paul Bentley wandered in with Alyce on his arm. The young actor seemed to have grown visibly in stature in the past several days — and evenings. His casualness was the casualness of the conquistadore, rather than of the craven youth. He was enveloped in an aura of self-revealed male sex-appeal that caused other feminine heads in the Bar Sinister to turn and follow his progress.

"Welcome, stranger," said Bill. "What'll it be?"

"Bourbon-on-the-rocks," the actor said.

"You, Alyce?" the bartender asked.

"The usual," the redhead replied. She barely paid attention to Bill, though she was not a girl who ignored any male within the limits of her immediate horizon under normal conditions. Instead, she

swung back to Paul Bentley, saying furiously, "You think I didn't see Margo slip you that note this afternoon? You think you're gonna drop me like an old size-three just because bigger game has swum into view? You think —"

"Shut up, you little jerk," Paul Bentley said quietly. "Your grammar's slipping."

Alyce slapped him hard across the face, then shrank away, her eyes sunken in fright at what she had done, the back of her right hand across her mouth. Bentley did not even put a hand to the place where she had struck him. Instead, he turned from the girl, lifted the glass Bill thrust in front of him and downed it. Only then did he say, "Lean back any further, Lady Smithfield, and you'll really land on the best part of your acting career."

Bill glanced at Toni, to see how she was taking the metamorphosis of last week's shy young man — thus he missed the entrance of Mitch Felton, with Eddy Hammond trailing him. But he turned in time to see the agent stride up to Bentley and say, "You chiseling punk, I'm going to knock your false teeth through the back of your neck."

Bill gripped the bar tightly, preparing to vault it and prevent something serious from happening — but he had no time. The agent, who had spent the war years as a combat Marine officer in the Southwest Pacific, was shorter than the actor, but he outweighed him and had a well-earned reputation for knowing how to use his dukes in a fracas.

However, the actor swung first. In as pretty a straight one-two as Bill could remember seeing outside of the prize-ring, Bentley doubled Felton up with a left to the wind, then straightened his man with a right to the button — straightened him and sent him on over backwards, to strike the saloon floor with the back of his semi-bald head.

Bentley looked at the unconscious agent, and his face went grey beneath its tan. Bill could read the thoughts and feelings behind it all too well. Here was a career blasted before it had begun; here was a potential star turned, in the flick of a couple of fists, into a never-waser. The actor turned toward Alyce and said in a remote voice, "Come on, honey, let's get out of here."

His words seemed to trigger the rapt redhead into action. With something close to a scream, she

turned on Paul Bentley and called him every profane name Bill had ever heard, plus a few that were new to his extensive catalogue of obscenities, acquired in years of bartending. The least of them was, "You bagel-eared son of a wall-eyed rhesus monkey."

Then, with a sob, the curvaceous redhead flung herself on the supine Mitch Felton, crying, "If that animal has killed you, darling, I'll never speak to him again." The agent, with Eddy Hammond coming to his assistance and pulling the girl clear of him, began to show signs of returning consciousness. Satisfied he would soon be all right, Bill watched Toni watch Paul Bentley.

The actor's shoulders had sagged noticeably, and his aura of sex-confidence had faded like that of a dying TV picture screen. He looked suddenly, strangely old for a man in his twenties — yet vulnerable as the youth of last week had looked when confronted by Alyce's bumptiousness. His dark eyes flashed a piteous appeal to Toni.

Bill was wise enough to let the girl fight it out by herself. By interfering with a decision she had to make on her own, he would be doing nothing for his own cause. He sweated it out, for he was close to being in love with Toni as a person, and was thoroughly enmeshed in the sweet toils of her flesh. But whether Toni wished to be the woman of a man or the mother of a boy was wholly up to her. No one could make the decision for her.

Not once, just then, did she look at Bill. Her eyes remained steady on the actor, and his unspoken plea created a current almost visible between them. Her fingers tightened about her glass, her eyes misted slightly, her soft lips opened a trifle...

Then she turned to Bill and said, "I'd like another, honey." Even while he filled her glass, he knew it wasn't a drink she meant. She never looked again at Paul Bentley, as he pivoted slowly, his hands in his pockets, and slouched toward the door — but the bartender followed him with his eyes.

Thus, he saw Margo Cardell enter — in all of her star-golden magnificence, the top Hollywood actress of legend and fact, from her rich ermine stole to the real sapphires on the rims of her evening slippers. In her husky, enveloping voice, Cardell cried, "You naughty boy, Paul-darling, to make Margo come and rescue you from this dreadful place! Come on with Mar-

go . . . she has a wonderful party simply dying for you."

As they breezed out into the night together, Bill looked at Toni and lifted an eyebrow. She laughed, a little shakily, and laid a hand atop his upon the bar. "Think you can afford an ex-agent?" she asked him.

Suddenly, Mitch Felton was behind her, swinging her around, saying, "What do you mean, ex-agent, honey? You rig the best build-up Hollywood has seen in five years, and want to quit? Who's after you, M.C.A.? Remember who brought you to Hollywood, Toni. Don't be ungrateful to the hand that fed you plane tickets. When you get Bentley, remind him he's still under exclusive contract to me, personally."

He swung around toward Alyce, who cringed before the balefulness of his glare. But his voice was gentle as he told her, "You go home, honey, and wait for me there . . . and don't try to make the bellhop while you're waiting. You've had your ball with Bentley . . . now you know what competition means. Cut out the cheating, or I'll dig some up for you that will make Margo Cardell look like Marie Dressler. Now scram!"

Alyce scammed, looking like a scared schoolgirl under her mascara. Mitch Felton put an avuncular arm across Toni's shoulders and said, "You're a good kid, doll . . . you woke Bentley up and showed me we can use him in human parts." He withdrew his arm and rubbed a reddening chin. "Man, that skinny bastard packs a

real rough wallop!" he muttered.

Bill pushed a drink at the agent, a drink that was gratefully accepted. And Eddy Hammond, who had been lurking in the background after getting Felton to his feet, stepped forward and said, "Mitch-baby, you wouldn't kid me, would you?"

Bland as the egg-nog Bill was mixing for the columnist, Felton replied, "I don't know what you're driving at, Ed, old agate. Suppose you straighten me out, get me plumbed, align me."

"Hah!" Hammond's ejaculation carried ridicule. "Come on, Mitch . . . level off. What are you really gonna do to those two, sweet little double-crossers?"

"You put a word of it in your column, and I'll give all my news to Hedda," said the agent. Then, still rubbing his sore jaw, "Why, I'm going to rig a package deal for Cordell's studio. I'll have the writer make Bentley as sadist, and Alyce the babe he beats hell out of."

"You wouldn't!" said Toni, beginning to understand.

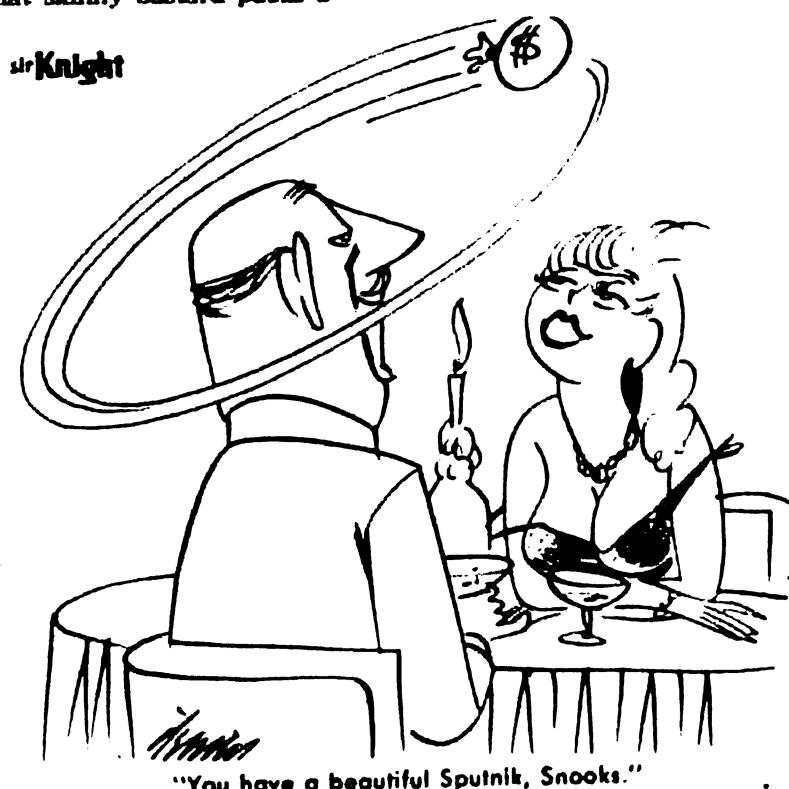
"You don't like it?" Felton asked.

"On the contrary," said Toni, "I'm liking it better every second."

Hammond said, "Doesn't that let the boy off easy?"

Felton eyed him and shook his head, then said, "Isn't his playing opposite Cardell, on and off stage, enough punishment for any man to take?"

They lifted their glasses to the idea.



Bobby followed his gaze, saw Lisa and jumped up, almost losing his sheltering towel. He said, "Come on in, Lisa. This is a pleasant surprise."

"You can say that for me!" said Joe admiringly. He looked as if he were about to whistle. Lisa accepted a beer and listened to them plot the problems of setting up a night-club trio, thinking regretfully of her near-miss with Bobby the night before at the hotel. He looked so lean and healthy and fresh-scrubbed and shaved . . .

After about twenty minutes, Joe got up and hauled freight out of there, much to Lisa's relief. By this time, all the powerful sex-instincts of her healthy, nubile young body were clamoring to be alone with Bobby. When Joe was gone, he shut and locked the door and said, "Best damn bass-player in the business."

Bobby kissed her lingeringly, and Lisa reacted to the smooth feel of his naked skin under her palms. She felt the stir of his virility against her, beneath the towel, the answering surge of her own desire as he led her back to the sofa and sat down beside her.

But before he kissed her again, he said, "I'm glad you're not sore about last night, darling. But you can't expect to walk into a man's life out of nowhere and have him drop all his commitments. Teddy and I . . . well, we've been friends for a couple of years now. And she can do my career a lot of good."

"I don't like being shunted aside," said Lisa. Then, because he had re-stirred a resentment not yet wholly buried, "Did you have a good time with her, Bobby?"

"Frankly, no," he replied. "The night got all souled up."

"What happened?" Lisa asked innocently. "Did Teddy go for one of the firemen?"

"No," he replied, "but by the time they got through questioning us about a false alarm . . ." His voice trailed off and his eyes came into sharp focus on hers. He added, his voice oddly tuned, "Just how in hell did you know about it, unless . . . ?"

"I refuse to answer on the ground that it might tend to incriminate me," Lisa promptly replied. She was close to laughter.

But Bobby was furious. "You damned little moron!" he exploded. "You may have cost me a shot at the big-time. I ought to wring your Goddam neck!"

"Try it!" snapped Lisa, getting to her feet in fury. "And where did

you learn manners . . . in a barn?"

The anger that had risen so explosively between them was fed by the very fact of its unreasonableness. Bobby stood up, his eyes blazing, and grabbed Lisa and shook her as if she were a rag doll. Almost from the first moment, some years earlier, when she had showed symptoms of developing into the well-rounded piece of alluring young-womanhood she had become, Aileen had insisted on her taking judo lessons. ". . . so you can protect yourself from the wolves, Baby."

She could easily have stood Bobby on his curly brown head -- she could as easily have broken his arm -- but, strangely, her utter lack of any will to resist paralyzed her. Pulling her back to the sofa with him and tossing her skirt high above the firm pink mounds of her buttocks, Bobby stripped downward the sheer lace panties that covered them.

"Don't you dare," she said, wriggling desperately for freedom as she realized what he intended doing with her. But his grip was now too firm, her position impossible for judo tactics.

"Someone should have done this a long time ago," he said grimly. She felt the lift of his right arm, then the savage, stinging *spot* as it made violent contact with her uncovered flesh. She squealed and wriggled harder at the sharp pain she felt, but again the hard hand descended with a ringing report -- and again, and again, and again.

All at once, the pain seemed to grow less and to fade into an almost unbearable sensation of pleasure that swept through her entire body. She stopped wriggling and lay there, prone and still across his lap, moaning softly with rapture during his last few strokes. The spanking stopped, and only the ultimate, climactic ecstasy awaited fulfillment -- but Bobby stood up rudely, dumping her on the floor.

"Now get out of here," he told her, glaring down at her, "before I break your neck!"

* * *

WHEN SHE reentered the suite at the Kipp-Sutton, she stopped dead just inside the living-room threshold. There, on the sofa, was Aileen, pleasantly occupied with the young man who had picked Lisa up at the bar the night before. There was lipstick on his cheek, while Aileen showed signs of disarray. At the moment, they were enjoying a drink together. They did not notice

Lisa until the clink of ice in her own glass announced her presence.

"You didn't tell me about Henry, Baby," said Aileen.

"What's to tell?" countered Lisa, dropping sullenly into an armchair.

"Nothing much, Baby," said Aileen, "except that he seems to have just what the doctor ordered for you."

"He'll have to pitch a lot better than he did last night," said Lisa, remembering the string of impersonal-personal questions the press-agent had flung at her while buying her drinks at the bar. "Has he asked you whether your belly-button is concave or convex yet . . . or have you already shown him?"

"Sheathe your claws, kitten," said Henry de Witt amiably. "All I've got in mind for you is ten million bucks to run your fingers through, or vice versa."

"Let's see it," said Lisa, openly and derisively distrustful.

"Don't be dumb," said Aileen. "Henry has a friend, a man named Phillips . . . Lawrence Waldorf Phillips."

"So what?" said Lisa, burying her nose in her drink.

"So he's sole heir to the Waldorf mining fortune and the Phillips petroleum pile," said Aileen. Then, turning to de Witt, "Have I got it right, honey?"

"As far as it goes," said the publicity man, sitting upright on the sofa. "There is a complication . . . a couple of them, in fact."

"Has this character got two heads?" flipped Lisa, still suffering from the treatment Bobby Anders had given her.

"Hardly," said de Witt. "The only big problem is, he's married."

"So divorce him if he doesn't love you any more," suggested Lisa.

"Will you stop acting like a baby, Baby?" said Aileen. "This is serious."

"Larry's fortune is all tied up in trust, except for a couple of millions his mother left him," de Witt explained patiently. "A couple of years ago, he married Gloria Vandevanter. It was like a royal marriage, an alliance of vested interests, but it didn't take. They haven't lived together for eighteen months. Gloria's over in Switzerland and plans to stay there. They can't get divorced, though, without causing a business panic by the time the trustees get all the interlocking corporations and stock deals untangled."

"So they're stuck," said Lisa.

"Exactly," de Witt told her, "but Larry's only twenty-five, and he

needs a girl."

"Why doesn't he go out and buy himself one?" asked Lisa, beginning to grow interested in spite of herself.

"Because he's been shaken down a few times and is scared of taking another beating," said the publicist. "I've known him a long time . . . we used to room together at school . . . and he's asked me to find him a girl."

"Doesn't it sound terrific?" said Aileen, her dark eyes glowing.

"I don't even know what this creep looks like," said Lisa. "He sounds real oddball to me." She eyed de Witt suspiciously, then said, "Is this on the level?"

"It's on the level, if Larry goes for it," de Witt replied, "and you look like just what the doctor ordered to me. Sis here tells me you're a virgin."

"To my sorrow," said Lisa.

"Shut up!" said Aileen.

"That's okay," said de Witt. "It doesn't really matter. If it works, Larry will settle a hundred grand on you, Lisa, in advance settlement against all future claims. He'll give you charge accounts unlimited and maybe a couple of grand a month allowance."

"What's in it for you?" Lisa asked.

De Witt shrugged. "Twenty percent of the down payment," he told her.

"Ten," said Lisa coolly.

"Lisa!" said Aileen, who was obviously over her depth and afraid of the deal being queered before it was set up. They settled for fifteen.

Then de Witt said, "The next problem is showcasing you so that Larry will go for it right from the start. Remember, he's been used to having good looking dames fall over backwards for him ever since he was fourteen."

"So I stay on my feet," said Lisa.

"Good idea . . . but not too long," de Witt told her.

"Leave that to me," Lisa replied. And so she bargained for the sale of her own virginity with Henry de Witt, while Aileen became a spectator. They were still at it when Tom came weaving in about six, after an afternoon with the "boys."

To Aileen's dismay, he balked at the whole idea. "How do you know this schmo is good enough for Baby?" he asked in a deep growl. "How do you know he'll treat her right? I been paying her bills a long time now, and I don't want anything bad to happen to her."

"A hundred grand and two thou-

the Pinch

by EUGENE RENFREW



THE PRACTICED eye of Detective-Sergeant Pat Gordon spotted the redhead as a pro the moment he saw her walking slowly ahead of him on the crowded sidewalk. Amid the Saturday-night crowd of high-school kids and stenographers, out abroad and eager for excitement, it stood out. It was there in the easy roll of her hips, inviting yet not defiant, in the assured set of her head on her shoulders, in the way she gripped the strap of her saddle-leather bag, which she carried in her hand instead of slung over her shoulder.

All of these bespoke the harlot — and harlots were his quarry.

The city was in the throes of a reform wave, with prostitution high on the District Attorney's list of Evils To Be Stamped Out. It was up to Gordon, as it was to every member of the Vice Squad, to see that the Department ran up a score and avoided a mass shakeup.

He lengthened stride and pulled up beside her with a sidelong glance at her profile. Not bad — she had a pert little nose and bright, alert eyes under the heavily beaded lashes. And she was stacked, a fact the tight little sweater and Capri pants were meant to reveal.

Her eye caught his, and she swung away to look in a window where a popcorn machine was bubbling forth white flakes like a snowplow gone crazy with the heat. He moved up beside her again and said, "Going my way, baby?"

Her sidelong glance appraised him, noting his well-polished shoes, his pressed, lightweight suit, his \$8.00 tie. She said, "Which way are you going, Daddio?"

He took her arm and said, "Recreation is my middle name, and right now I'm looking for it."

"It looks to me like you're looking in exactly the right place," she replied, looking up at him provocatively through the hedge of her lashes. He could feel the slither of her hip as it moved against his, the soft pressure of her left breast against his right biceps as she nestled herself into his flank.

"You got a place to go?" he asked.

"No, but I know a hotel around the corner," she replied, "where nobody will bother us. Okay, honey?"

"Sounds great," he replied. Less than 15 minutes later, they were alone together in a shabby hotel double-room with worn spots in the faded carpet on its floor and cracks in the plaster on the walls. He looked at her and decided, not for the first time, that his job, however unsavory some of its aspects might be, had definite compensations.

He said, "Let's get the details settled first. Don't nick me too hard, baby. The name is not Rockefeller."

She named a price, and he handed her the marked bills. When he finished restoring the wallet to his hip pocket, he looked up to find himself staring into the muzzle of a small but very businesslike looking revolver. He shook his head and sighed and said, "I wouldn't do that if I was you, babe. You get yourself in a lot of trouble."

"Nothing to what you're in, Daddio," she replied quietly. "This is a pinch." With her left hand, she pulled a badge from her pocket and flashed it at him.

"You must be one of the new babes they just put on the Force," he said as the impact of the jest made itself felt.

"That's right," she told him. "Tough luck, Daddio."

"Take a look at my wallet," he said. "You might be surprised."

"Are you trying to bribe me, Daddio?"

"Take a look," he urged.

She pulled it out, keeping her gun tight against his belly. When she saw his identification, she went white under her makeup and sank on the bed. "Oh, no!" she said. "You, too?" Then, "What are you doing? You're not calling this in?"

He looked up from the telephone and told her, "Relax, babe. I'm just ordering a bottle of rye. It looks like a busy night for both of us."

MARASCHINO, from page 19

rand a month is bad?" de Witt asked. Tom shrugged and Aileen went to work on him.

He looked at Lisa and said, "How do you feel about it, Baby? You want to make a deal with this schmo?"

Lisa shrugged. She felt fond toward the hulking, hairy racketeer, and a little sorry for him, the way she always did when Aileen cheated on him. She said, "I'm willing to look at him, Tom. If I don't like what I see, I can always walk out."

"Then okay," said Tom, "but I don't like the idea. It's like we was selling some two-buck broad to a syndicate or something."

"Oh, it's not that at all, honey," said Aileen. "Jesus, you'd think we never talked about it back in Manchester!" Somehow, she steered him into their bedroom, leaving de Witt and Lisa alone.

De Witt tamped out his cigarette. He said, "Your sister says you're untapped goods. Is it true?"

"Does it matter?" Lisa countered.

"It could," said the publicist. "I might be able to jack the ante up."

He picked up the phone, got an outside line and dialed a number. While Lisa, again sipping a drink, watched and listened, he said,

"Larry? You remember that little talk we had about your sexlife last week?" While he listened, he winked at Lisa. Then he said, "Well, I think I got it solved for you. A real doll, the sweetest little dish you ever laid your bloodshot eyes on. Yeah, and she's a real maraschino, too." . . . "How do I know? Hah! Listen Larry, the only trouble is she may be a little hard to meet. But I can arrange it if . . ."

CHAPTER IV

LISA, AGAIN wearing the white-and-silver cocktail gown she had donned the evening before for her solitary foray to the hotel bar, sat alone on the sofa, restlessly sipping a drink and half-watching a variety show on the big television screen. Although she told herself she was not excited by her prospects, there were butterflies in her flat-rounded little stomach, and she found herself vainly trying to imagine what sort of man she was going to meet as soon as de Witt and Aileen completed their "showcasing" for her introduction.

It was, of course, a momentous step to have been arranged so quickly, so almost casually. She sipped again, doing her best not to think — for, when she did, the turmoil of her thoughts was unbearable.

able. The frustrations and interrupted sex-plays of the last twenty-four hours gave her a dimmed, unsettled feeling. It was a good thing, she told herself, that her virginity was soon to be lost — she could hardly keep going the way things were — even to a stranger. Perhaps it was better this way.

She stirred on the cushions, aware of her yearning, vital young body beneath the silk-crepe as she had never been aware of it before. What had de Witt called her — a "maraschino"? She knew what it meant, of course — a very sweet cherry — yet his use of it seemed so cold-blooded under the circumstances.

There was a knock at the door, and she said, "Come in."

It was Bobby, and her heart turned over when she saw him standing there. For an instant, an almost unbearable shaft of pain seemed to split her right up the middle.

He said, "I want to apologize for the way I acted today, Lisa." Then, taking a step toward her, "My God, but you're lovely tonight!"

"No lovelier than any other night," she replied. "I guess maybe I deserved what you did to me. That false-alarm was a crummy trick. But you and that damned redhead made me so angry last night. She acted as if I didn't even exist."

"I know," he said a trifle wearily. "Dammit, Lisa, I've got no business fooling around with you just now. I've finally got a chance to get my own little combo organized and make some real dates and some real dough. All I need is a little backing, and Teddy's the broad who can get it for me. It isn't fair to any of us for you and me . . ."

He stood there, looking at her miserably. Lisa got up and poured him a drink and refreshed her own. She handed him his and said, "You may need this, honey. I've let them talk me into meeting Larry Phillips tonight."

He frowned a moment, identifying the name, then said, "Oh, no, darling! You mean you . . .?"

"I mean nothing yet," she replied. "Henry de Witt is arranging it."

"That operator!" said Bobby. "He's one of the God-damnedest wolves in Manhattan!"

"Who?" she asked innocently. "Larry or Henry?"

"I don't know about Phillips," said the pianist, "except that he goofed his marriage. But de Witt! I see him working the curves and

Mr. Knight



"Free sample, Sainib?"

angles around here every night." He came close and took her in his arms. "Honey," he declared, "I'm not going to see you get all loused up in that kind of a ratrace. I'm crazy about you."

"You got a better kind of ratrace to offer?" Lisa asked.

He blushed as the barb in the question sank home. Then he said, "Okay, Lisa. I'll give up *Teddy*, I'll give up all immediate hope of getting a *combo* started, if you'll just play it straight . . . and play it with me."

Every fiber in her trembling, delicious young body yearned for him — but she had made another "real" promise to Aileen, and lifelong training insisted she stick to her word. More out of her own inner confusion than desire to hurt him, she said, "I'm sorry, Bobby, but I couldn't dream of asking you to make such a sacrifice."

"Who in hell says it's a sacrifice?" he half-shouted. "I'm out of my mind over you, Baby, can't you see? When I think of what we missed last night, and then this afternoon, and then now, I'm . . ." Words failed him and he stood there, glaring at her, his face red as borax.

"You wouldn't be happy with me long if I blighted your career," she told him. "And if you were unhappy, I'd feel worse."

He used a brief and pungent four-letter Anglo-Saxon word, and, for a tingling moment she thought he was going to spank her again. Then, putting his unfinished drink on the table with shaking fingers, he turned on his heel and marched out without another word.

* * *

Lisa sat alone in a white-leather booth backed by a solid mirror wall. She had let the little silver-lame bolero jacket that went with her gown fall from her naked shoulders, confident that the subdued, warm lighting would display her glowing young flesh to full advantage. She smoked a long cigarette and toyed with the diamond bracelet on her wrist and told herself that, if something didn't happen within five minutes by the modernistic clock over the bar, she would rise and march out of the cafe and forget the whole business.

Then Henry was there, smiling at her, with a tall, crew-cut, straw-colored young man in a battered tweed suit. He said, "Lisa, this is Larry . . . Larry, Lisa. From here on in you're on your own. Me, I've got me a date that won't stand standing up."

Lisa knew about that date — Henry and Aileen had discussed it in front of her at the hotel before the operation got underway, while poor Tom still slept off his drunk. She thought about it as the millionaire slipped into the booth opposite her and studied her with pale, inquisitive, grey eyes.

He said, "For once, Henry wasn't talking through his hat. You're the loveliest living thing I've ever seen."

"Thanks," said Lisa listlessly. Now that it was actually happening, an accustomed lassitude seemed to have overtaken her. Her limbs felt heavy, inert, her emotions stagnant. She said, "Thanks very much, but I'm only like this when I'm living."

He smiled and was almost attractive, despite his basic homeliness. He said, "This whole thing is a little unexpected." His accents were those of expensive prep-schools and even more expensive private tutors.

She said, "It is, isn't it?" And then life returned to her, and she said, "For God's sake, Larry, let's not act like a couple of kids. Let's put this show on the thruway."

"Why not?" he countered.

He took her outside, where a chauffeur-driven Daimler was waiting. As they moved smoothly

through traffic, Lisa said, "I should think you'd want to drive yourself."

"I do," he said. "That is, I used to. But too many people sued me whenever I hit anything. It wasn't worth it."

This was an angle of being fabulously rich Lisa had never before encountered. It was stressed when the limousine pulled up before a huge, white-stone chateau of a town house on a corner of Fifth Avenue in the mid-Eighties. As they got out, he said in his slow, impeccable voice, "I hope the mausoleum doesn't bother you, but I was afraid a hotel might be too conspicuous." His arm enclosed hers, and he looked down at her and added, "You know, Lisa, I find this a little hard to believe."

It made him almost human, and Lisa laughed softly with relief. She said, "You and me both. If I spit down the elevator shaft or anything, you'll tell me what's wrong?"

"You couldn't be wrong," he assured her. "Incidentally, I like you very much."

Larry's rooms occupied half the third floor of the castle. He took her into a huge sort of rumpus room with a skylight roof. It contained comfortable chairs and sofas, immense, deep-pile Persian carpets,

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"It's a message from your beloved departed husband — why . . . didn't . . . you . . . just . . . go . . . to . . . Reno?"

paintings Lisa knew without being told were masterworks. It held bookshelves and other glass-front cabinets holding rare stamps, ancient gold coins, thousands of brilliant Napoleonic soldiers, model trains and, off to one end, a huge collection of pornography in costly bindings.

She said, "What do you find to do in here anyway, Larry?"

He looked up from the drinks he was mixing at a small bar and laughed. "The hell of it is, I do get bored," he told her. "That's why . . . well, why you're here. With Gloria in Europe, I get lost."

"You're fond of your wife?" Lisa asked.

He shrugged, replied, "I don't know her very well. She likes people . . . lots of people. In the whole time we lived together, we weren't really alone more than six or seven times. Even on the honeymoon . . ."

All at once, Lisa felt a wave of sympathy for this lonely and obviously unhappy young man. She looked up at him and found him, if not exactly exciting, well, a spring to her sympathy. She noted he made no move to get close to her and said, "You needn't be afraid of me, Larry. I'm just a girl. If you decide you don't want me, I'll leave right now."

"But I want you very much," he said, his forehead corrugating with sincerity. "I've never wanted a girl so much in my life."

"Then, for heaven's sake, take me," she told him simply, thrusting the sweet curves of her body toward him. "Anyone would think we've got all night."

"Damn you!" he said softly as his arms reached for her. "Don't make me laugh."

They went to bed together in a huge antique bed with posts and a canopy, as nude and solemn and trusting as any legally solemnized bride and groom. The contact of his firm flesh on hers seemed to ignite within Lisa all the flames she had been banking since her interruption with Bobby, and beyond that to the time of the first stirrings of her sex.

Her tongue met his and tied sweet knots with it. Her hands clasped him closer, ever closer to her own proffered body. She clasped him with all of her limbs, as if she feared he were some djinn out of Arab folklore who might vanish from her grasp. Her breathing became heavier with each sweet inhalation through dilated nostrils.

For one gorgeous, sublime, almost terrifying instant, she thought

that, at last, she had achieved the consummation she had so long sought. And then, nothing . . .

At the end of a frantic hour, she was still a virgin. Sobbing between the soft twin globes of her breasts, Larry gasped, "I knew it . . . I knew it! Darling, I can't. I'm afraid of hurting you."

"Don't be," she whispered, drawn to him in his distress and her own. "Be patient. Everything will be all right."

But it wasn't, and at last they fell apart in futile exhaustion as he murmured bitterly, "If only that bitch Gloria hadn't made fun of me."

"Don't worry about it," said Lisa, who had lit a cigaret and was sitting up in the immense bed. "It's all in your mind."

She spotted the telephone on the table then, and picked it up. She called the hotel and, after some ringing, got Tom to the phone. Imitating Aileen's voice, she said, "Tom, put on some pants. We're having a party in seven-seventeen . . . that's Henry's suite. We want you to join us."

That, thought Lisa, should fix her domineering sister's wagon and take her out of the play and back to Manchester, where she belonged. Then, turning to Larry, she said. "You know this sort of thing is new to me, darling. I only hope you can still stand the sight of me."

"Oh no!" he protested. "I only hope you can stand the sight of me after the mess I've made of everything."

"In that case," she promised. "I'm going to have a minor operation tomorrow. It should make things easier for both of us."

CHAPTER V

AT 2 o'clock the following afternoon, Lisa was just completing her packing to leave the hotel and move into Larry's mansion when Aileen and Tom came back to the suite. Aileen, looking somewhat the worse for wear, glowered at Lisa and said, "Benedict Arnold! Where the devil do you think you're going?"

Lisa said, "I'm moving in with Larry." Then, noting the large black eye Tom was sporting, and the puffiness of his upper lip, "How come?"

"You oughtta see the other guy," said Tom with a slow smile. "He'll be laid up for a week anyway. I just got bailed outta the tank."

Lisa decided it was time to take charge. She said, "Tom honey, I

want to talk to you — alone."

"What bitchiness are you up to now?" Aileen asked sharply. "And what about the deal we made yesterday?"

Not a word about how things had gone between Larry and herself. Lisa's normally full lips tightened, and a softness she was beginning to feel toward her sister reversed itself within her. She said, "Don't worry, Aileen. I'm having your check mailed to Manchester. You and Henry are splitting the fee for my body. After all, you sold it."

Aileen looked sulky and said, "Don't be like that. You make me feel like a — a procress or something."

"Aren't you?" Lisa asked chillingly. Then, to Tom, "Come on, you black-eyed Susan, I want you to do me a favor."

When he was alone with her in her bedroom and the door was shut and locked, Lisa said, "Tom honey, I'm sorry about the black eye, but Aileen needed straightening out. And that de Witt creep . . .!" she shuddered, recalling his hands making free with the most intimate parts of her body.

"That's okay, Baby," said Tom, looking puzzled. "I want to get Aileen back to Manchester, where we both belong. You sure you're gonna be okay here with that Mr. Millionbucks?"

"Almost sure," said Lisa. "He's really a very sweet guy. But there's one problem . . ." She went on to explain Larry's inability to take her virginity. As Tom got the drift of what she was saying, his eyebrows rose slowly to become twin black crescent moons of incredulity.

"You mean, Baby, you want me to . . .?"

She came close to him and laid both hands flat against the great barrel of his chest. "I mean," she said softly, "you're the only man I can trust."

"But Aileen . . ." he muttered. "She'll . . ."

"She'll do nothing," said Lisa. "Besides, you've got something coming to you. You've been too good to us, especially me, not to get something in return."

"I don't know if I can," he said, beginning to sweat.

"Phooey!" said Lisa, lifting the soft vermillion bud of her mouth to be kissed. She felt his arms go around her slender young curves and felt as if she were being embraced by a great ape. Yet this was Tom, and she didn't mind. When it happened, it hurt, but not as much as she had expected. Even before

the pain stopped. Lisa felt stirrings of pleasure for which her half-experiences had not prepared her. When it was over, she kissed him, not passionately but fondly.

"You all right, Baby?" he asked, overcome by the enormity of what she had had him do.

"I'm fine," she replied, beginning to get back into her clothes. And, laying a hand on him gently, "Thanks, Tom."

"Jesus!" he exploded. "I oughta be thanking you." He carried her two suitcases and overnight bag into the living room for her.

Aileen was stalking the carpet like a tired, angry and fearful cat

"No," she said, "I don't hate you, Sis. But I've had all of you I can stand for a while. Maybe later, we can take a trip together or something. Bye now."

She left them standing there, looking at her.

* * *

WHEN BOBBY tried to kiss her, Lisa let him, briefly, then pulled clear. He was wearing slacks and a turtle neck sweater and had been practicing on the upright piano in his apartment. He said, "Golly, Baby! You look like a candy-shop window."

She let him light her a cigaret and said, "How much dough will

about that?"

"Because I want to," she said. The fact Bobby would be away for a few months fitted in even better than she had hoped. It would keep him apart from Teddy and give her a chance to work things out with Larry. If Larry didn't work out . . . well, there would be Bobby to look forward to. Lisa wanted an ace in the hole, and she knew she could have Bobby without even whistling him to heel. "How much?" she asked again.

He named a figure that, only yesterday, would have sounded absurd, but, today, seemed quite reasonable. She said, "I'll have Larry's lawyers draw up a deal in the next few days, Bobby."

"It's a gamble," he told her. "We may fall flat on our collective face."

"I can afford it," she replied. "I want you to have your chance. After all, things didn't break right for you and me."

"I don't believe it," he murmured, sinking onto the sofa. "You . . . ! Wanting to do this for me."

"No strings," she promised. "Just a straight business deal. How does it sound?"

"It sounds wonderful," he replied slowly. "All but not being with you. Can you visit us during the tour?"

"Perhaps," she replied, "but don't count on it, Bobby. I'm going to have my hands full with Larry for a little while."

"What about Henry de Witt?" he asked anxiously. "I hate to think of your being involved with him while I'm not around."

"Don't worry about him," said Lisa. "He's out of the running for keepa."

He rose, and his arms went around her, arms so unlike the gorilla limbs of Tom Lucas, arms so lean and yet so unexpectedly strong and responsive. She felt the excitement stir within her. He said, "Baby, I know I don't have the right any more . . . but just once. After all . . ."

"After all," she breathed softly. "After all, darling!" She felt her whole body begin to sing as she melted against him and his lips took command of hers. It was crazy, but she could no more resist the urge of the crescendo of ecstasy within her than she could have resisted the sea. Her hands slipped under his sweater, and she began to stroke the hard-smooth flesh beneath.

"At last," he murmured, as he unzipped her dress and removed it

— turn to page 66



they emerged. She said, "You think I don't know what you just did in there?"

Lisa shrugged. "So what," she countered. "You wanted to sell my virginity. I decided to give it away to a man who'd earned it."

"You ungrateful little tramp," raged Aileen, beautiful in her fury.

"Look," said Lisa. "who's talking." She went to the phone to summon a bellboy for her bags. Then she said, "You'll get your dough, Aileen, when I know you and Tom are back in Manchester to stay."

"You hate me, don't you?" Aileen said suddenly, dramatically.

Lisa shook her golden head.

you need to get your combo launched, Bobby?"

He scratched his curly brown head and frowned. "It's hard to say," he told her. "The big thing is a library . . . arrangements. They cost plenty of moos."

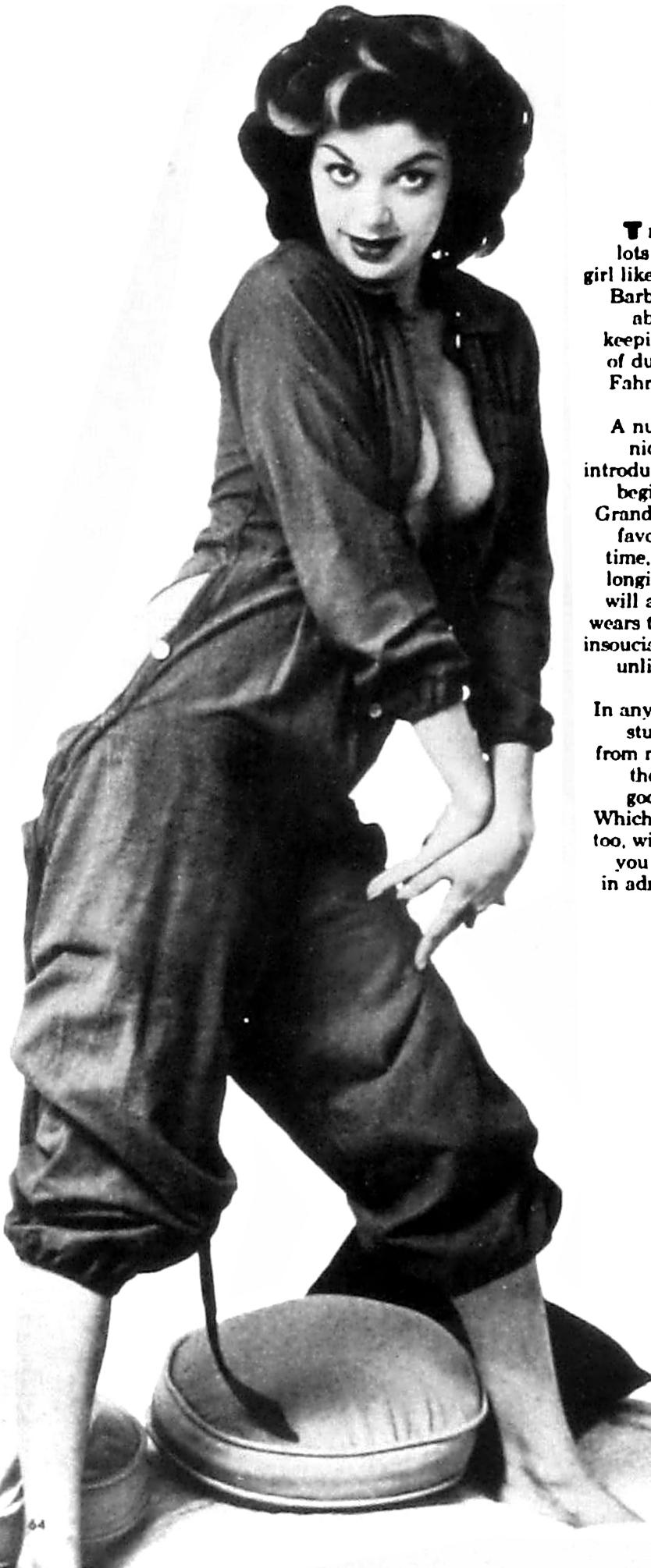
"How much?" she repeated quietly.

He looked down at her and said, "What's it all about?"

"If you had the arrangements, what would you do?"

"I'd get us booked in class joints out of town for a few months," he told her. "Then we'd take on New York and dig for record dates. But why worry your sweet little head

nine ways to



HERE ARE LOTS and lots of ways in which a girl like Hollywood Model Barbara Barrett can go about the business of keeping herself fresh out of duckbumps when the Fahrenheits dips below the freezing point. A number of such techniques are pictorially introduced on these pages, beginning, at left, with Grandad's tried-and-true favorite for Jack Frost time, the old red flannel longies — although you will admit that Barbara wears them with a certain insouciance it would seem unlikely Grandad was able to match. In any event, she has fun studying the problem from many sides, and, in the process exposes a good deal of Barbara. Which should mean you, too, will enjoy yourself if you aren't already lost in admiration of the gal.

Come fill the cup,
and quaff with me.
But brandy makes
my vision three.



Barbie tries the brandy-bath kick
And lets her hair down to keep it from getting cold.



A grate fire makes me warm as toast,
Until my — er, kneecaps, start to roast!

keep a girl warm



The 'lectric blanket's warm enough.
Although its surface is rather rough



'We get their warmth from exercise
But jazz is strictly for the guys'

Chinchilla's soft as soft can be.
But something still is hugging me



Her heat comes up without a stop.
Warm my bottom, not my top!

Who needs her clothes when love is handy?
I feel like ENIGMA when I wrap me up double!

MARASCHINO, from page 61
from her pliant, giving body. "At last!"

If her brief affair with Tom had been almost clinical, Lisa merging with Buddy was sheer fire and rapture. While they lay together, nude and crushed against one another and writhing with passion, the very thought of their bodies being separated, even by an inch, even by an instant, was unbearable. At last, she told herself exultantly, at last she was learning the meaning of love...

But, inevitably, his ardor spent itself, and she slowly drifted down from the pink-champagne cloud they had both been riding. She looked at her watch and said, "I'm meeting Larry in twenty minutes, sugar I'll be late."

"Don't go," he begged, and his arms reached for her warm softness, but she eluded them and slipped from the bed and took a hurried shower. Fifteen minutes later, looking as fresh as if she had just stepped out of a cellophane-wrapped handbox, she bade her lover good-bye.

"You can't leave me now," he pleaded at the threshold. "When will I see you again, darling? I'll go crazy without you."

"Just play crazy, sugar," she told him, pressing herself close against him for a moment, but eluding his kiss lest it mess up her lipstick. "That's the best way."

"When?" he asked urgently.
"That depends," she equivocated. "That depends upon a lot of things. If you want that money, I'll have to fulfill certain obligations... and I always pay my debts."

Then she opened the door and departed.

• • •

LARRY WAS awaiting her impatiently in the big library-playroom on the third floor of the huge mansion. He waited until the butler had taken Lisa's things to the bedroom, then said, "I've been going crazy, Lisa. Did you . . . ?"

She nodded gravely. "Yes," darling," she said. "I had it removed." Then, nodding after the departed servant, "You don't want publicity, Larry. Aren't you afraid the servants will talk?"

He shook his head. "I pay them too well," he said simply, "and they've all been with me for years. Was it painful?"

"Not so very," she told him.

They had a drink, and he touched her glass with his and said, "To the kindest girl I've ever met. Lisa, you were awfully kind to me last night. Most women would have been insulted."

"Why?" she countered. "Because you were gentle? It was my fault, more than yours. After all, I don't know much about it."

Looking at his sensitive, hornylehandsome face, she felt a warmth of fondness pervade her. He was so

lonely, for all his wealth, so isolated from the world. Here, in this great house, it was as if Alleen and Tom and Henry and Bobby did not exist, had only existed like characters read in a book some time before. This was her reality, was to be her reality for heaven knew how long to come.

He embraced her almost diffidently when they set down their glasses, and, for a moment, she thought he didn't want her. Then she felt the trembling of his arms, of his whole body against hers. She put her own arms soothingly about him and kissed him full on the lips and said softly, "Don't worry, dear. It's not as bad as all that."

"I'm only worried for fear I'll fail again," he said unevenly.

The butler had gone when they reached the bedroom with its great four-poster, canopied bed. They undressed silently, with compressed lips, as if aware of the seriousness of the test that lay before them. When they lay down together, their bodies were curiously cool for such a time and place.

At first, it was again frustration. But she cradled his head against the fullnesses of her breasts and whispered, "Don't worry, dear, there's no need for haste."

"But I want you so!" he moaned.

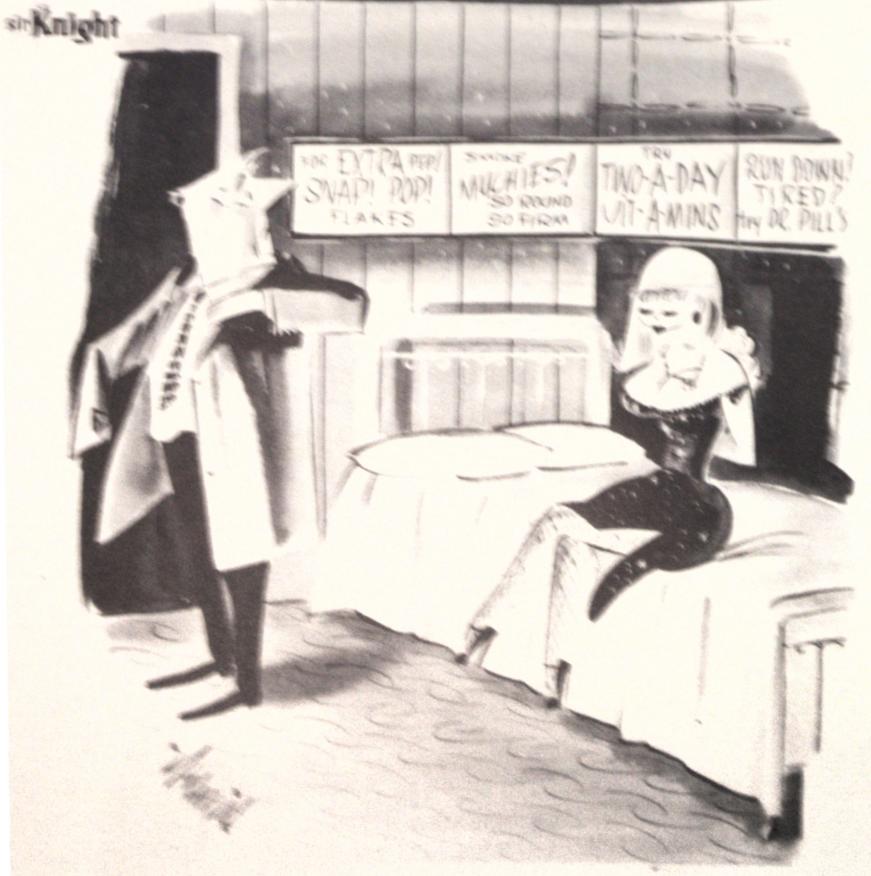
She said, "Spank me, Larry. Turn me over and spank me hard."

He looked at her in bewilderment. "Why should I spank you?"

"Don't ask . . . just do it," she said passionately, trembling with desire. Her maternal feelings toward him had become something far more ardent as, lying there with him and fortified by the day's experience, she realized the potentialities of his body. She had to rouse him, had to . . .

He hit her, and she wriggled under the sharp contact and said, "Harder! Really hit me." He hit her again, and then again, and then again, even harder. And then, like a savage roused from sleep, he gripped her quivering flesh and turned her over and engulfed her in a complete male embrace.

As the ineffable sweetness swept over her once more, but in greater measure than before, she had a moment of wonder that, when at last her virginity was captured, it should have been captured so many times in a single afternoon. And then, as conscious control left her, she had one quick, fugitive thought — after all, she had a lot of last time to make up for!



**the
new
Greta
Thyssen**

In his next issue, SIR KNIGHT brings you Russ Meyer's newest set of fabulous pictures on the glorious Greta Thyssen.

The one-time bit of Danish pastry has gone through more metamorphoses than a chameleon since she hit these shores a few years back, until now—with clothing or without—this bazoomy blonde bombshell, who sputniks regularly from coast to coast for tv, movies and personal blitz, is THE apex, THE criterion, THE epitome of S-E-X, and she never looked better!



BONUS NOVELETTE!

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Priced Virgin . . . see pg 36

- More Sexventures
At The Bar Sinister
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- Strange Tale Of
The Insatiable
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Paris Been Caught In
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- Model Goes Wild
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On Frigid Females
see pg 64



"Someone should have done this a long time ago," said Bobby.

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